



No. LII.]

# **Contents**

[FEBRUARY 1887

PAGE

**Allan Quatermain.** Chapters IV.-VI. . . . . 337

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of 'She,' 'King  
Solomon's Mines,' &c.

**Mysterious Disappearances** . . . . . 365

By W. CLARK RUSSELL

**The Emigration of Young Children by the State** 378

By ROBERT WILLIAM PARKER

**Claude Tyack's Ordeal** . . . . . 386

By GRANT ALLEN

**On Melody in Speech** . . . . . 399

By F. WEBER, Organist of the German Chapel  
Royal, St. James's Palace

**Farewell to Nature** . . . . . 411

By Dr. T. G. HAKE

**Marrying and Giving in Marriage.** Chaps. VIII.-X. 413

By MRS. MOLESWORTH, Author of 'Carrots' &c.

**At the Sign of the Ship** . . . . . 440

By ANDREW LANG

**The 'Donna'** . . . . . 448

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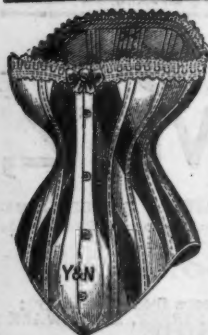
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# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1887.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ALLAN QUATERMAIN. By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of 'She,' 'King Solomon's Mines,' &c. . . . .	337
Chapter IV.—Alphonse and his Annette.	
"    V.—Umslopogaas makes a promise.	
"    VI.—The night wears on.	
MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES. By W. CLARK RUSSELL . . . . .	365
THE EMIGRATION OF YOUNG CHILDREN BY THE STATE. By ROBERT WILLIAM PARKER . . . . .	378
CLAUDE TYACK'S ORDEAL. By GRANT ALLEN . . . . .	386
ON MELODY IN SPEECH. By F. WEBER, Organist of the German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace . . . . .	399
FAREWELL TO NATURE. By Dr. T. G. HAKE . . . . .	411
MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE. By MRS. MOLESWORTH, Author of 'Hathercourt Rectory,' 'Carrots,' &c. Chapters VIII.—X. . . . .	413
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG . . . . .	440
THE 'DONNA'. . . . .	448

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## *Allan Quatermain :*

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS

*FURTHER ADVENTURES AND DISCOVERIES IN COMPANY WITH  
SIR HENRY CURTIS, BART., COMMANDER JOHN GOOD, R.N.,  
AND ONE UMSLOPOGAAS.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, AUTHOR OF 'SHE,'  
'KING SOLOMON'S MINES,' &c.

Ex Africa semper aliquid novi.

### CHAPTER IV.

ALPHONSE AND HIS ANNETTE.

AFTER dinner we thoroughly inspected all the outbuildings and grounds of the station, which I consider the most successful as well as the most beautiful place of the sort that I have seen in Africa. We then returned to the verandah, where we found Umslopogaas taking advantage of this favourable opportunity to thoroughly clean all the rifles. This was the only *work* that he ever did or was asked to do, for as a Zulu chief it was beneath his dignity to work with his hands; but such as it was he did it very well. It was a curious sight to see the great Zulu sitting there upon the floor, his battle-axe resting against the wall behind him, whilst his long aristocratic-looking hands were busily employed, delicately and with the utmost care, cleaning the mechanism of the breechloaders. He had a name for each gun. One—a double four-bore belonging to Sir Henry—was the Thunderer; another, my 500 Express, which had a peculiarly sharp report, was 'the



little one who spoke like a whip;’ the Winchester repeaters were ‘the women, who talked so fast that you could not tell one word from another;’ the six Martinis were ‘the common people;’ and so on with them all. It was very curious to hear him addressing each gun as he cleaned it, as though it were an individual, and in a vein of the quaintest humour. He did the same with his battle-axe, which he seemed to look upon as an intimate friend, and to which he would at times talk by the hour, going over all his old adventures with it—and dreadful enough some of them were. By a piece of grim humour, he had named this axe ‘Inkosi-kaas,’ which is the Zulu word for chieftainness. For a long while I could not make out why he gave it such a name, and at last I asked him, when he informed me that the axe was evidently feminine, because of her womanly habit of prying very deep into things, and that she was clearly a chieftainness because all men fell down before her, struck dumb at the sight of her beauty and power. In the same way he would consult ‘Inkosi-kaas’ if in any dilemma; and when I asked him why he did so, he informed me it was because she must needs be wise, having ‘looked into so many people’s brains.’

I took up the axe and closely examined this formidable weapon. It was, as I have said, of the nature of a pole-axe. The haft, made out of an enormous rhinoceros horn, was three feet three inches long, about an inch and a quarter thick, and with a knob at the end as large as a Maltese orange, left there to prevent the hand from slipping. This horn haft, though so massive, was as flexible as cane, and practically unbreakable; but, to make assurance doubly sure, it was whipped round at intervals of a few inches with copper wire—all the parts where the hands grip being thus treated. Just above where the haft entered the head were scored a number of little nicks, each nick representing a man killed in battle with the weapon. The axe itself was made of the most beautiful steel, and apparently of European manufacture, though Umslopogaas did not know where it came from, having taken it from the hand of a chief he had killed in battle many years before. It was not very heavy, the head weighing two and a half pounds, as nearly as I could judge. The cutting part was slightly concave in shape—not convex, as is generally the case with savage battle-axes—and sharp as a razor, measuring five and three-quarter inches across the widest part. From the back of the axe sprang a stout spike four inches long, for the last two of which it was hollow, and shaped like a leather punch, with an opening for anything forced into the hollow at the punch end to be

pushed out above—in fact, in this respect it exactly resembled a butcher's pole-axe. It was with this punch end, as we afterwards discovered, that Umslopogaas usually struck when fighting, driving a neat round hole in his adversary's skull, and only using the broad cutting edge for a circular sweep, or sometimes in a *mêlée*. I think he considered the punch a neater and more sportsmanlike tool, and it was from his habit of pecking at his enemy with it that he got his name of 'Woodpecker.' Certainly in his hands it was a terribly efficient one.

Such was Umslopogaas' axe, Inkosi-kaas, the most remarkable and fatal hand-to-hand weapon that I ever saw, and one which he cherished as much as his own life. It scarcely ever left his hand except when he was eating, and then he always sat with it under his leg.

Just as I returned his axe to Umslopogaas Miss Flossie came up and took me off to see her collection of flowers, African liliums, and blooming shrubs, some of which are very beautiful, many of the varieties being quite unknown to me and also, I believe, to botanical science. I asked her if she had ever seen or heard of the 'Goya' lily, which central African explorers have told me they have occasionally met with and whose wonderful loveliness has filled them with astonishment. This lily, which the natives say blooms only once in ten years, flourishes in the most arid soil. Compared to the size of the bloom, the bulb is small, generally weighing about four pounds. As for the flower itself (which I afterwards first saw under circumstances likely to impress its appearance fixedly in my mind), I know not how to describe its beauty and splendour, or the indescribable sweetness of its perfume. The flower—for it only has one bloom—rises from the crown of the bulb on a thick fleshy and flat-sided stem, and the specimen that I saw measured fourteen inches in diameter, and is somewhat trumpet-shaped like the bloom of an ordinary 'longiflorum' set vertically. First there is the green sheath, which in its early stage is not unlike that of a water-lily, but which as the bloom opens splits into four portions and curls back gracefully towards the stem. Then comes the bloom itself, a single dazzling arch of white enclosing another cup of richest velvety crimson, from the heart of which rises a golden-coloured stamen. I have never seen anything to equal this bloom in beauty or fragrance, and as I believe it is but little known, I take the liberty to describe it at length. Looking at it for the first time I well remember that I realised how even in a flower

there dwells something of the majesty of its Maker. To my great delight Miss Flossie told me that she knew the flower well and had tried to grow it in her garden but without success, adding, however, that as it should be in bloom at this time of year she thought that she could procure me a specimen.

After that I fell to asking her if she was not lonely up here among all these savage people and without any companions of her own age.

'Lonely?' she said. 'Oh, indeed no! I am as happy as the day is long, and besides I have my own companions. Why, I should hate to be buried in a crowd of white girls all just like myself so that nobody could tell the difference! Here,' she said, giving her head a little toss, 'I am I; and every native for miles round knows the "Waterlily,"—for that is what they call me—and is ready to do what I want, but in the books that I have read about little girls in England it is not like that. Everybody thinks them a trouble, and they have to do what their schoolmistress likes. Oh! it would break my heart to be put in a cage like that and not to be free—free as the air.'

'Would you not like to learn?' I asked.

'So I do learn. Father teaches me Latin and French and Arithmetic.

'And are you never afraid among all these wild men?'

'Afraid? Oh no! they never interfere with me. I think they believe that I am "Ngai" (of the Divinity) because I am so white and have fair hair. And look here,' and diving her little hand into the bodice of her dress she produced a double-barrelled nickel-plated Derringer, 'I always carry that loaded, and if anybody tried to touch me I should shoot him. Once I shot a leopard that jumped upon my donkey as I was riding along. It frightened me very much, but I shot it in the ear and it fell dead, and I have its skin upon my bed. Look there!' she went on in an altered voice, touching me on the arm and pointing to some far-away object, 'I said just now that I had companions; there is one of them.'

I looked, and for the first time there burst upon my sight the glory of Mount Kenia. Hitherto the mountain had always been hidden in mist, but now its radiant beauty was unveiled for many thousand feet, although the base was still wrapped in vapour so that the lofty peak or pillar, towering nearly twenty thousand feet into the sky, appeared to be a fairy vision, hanging between earth and heaven, and based upon the clouds. The solemn majesty and

beauty of this white peak are altogether beyond the power of my poor pen to describe. There it rose straight and sheer—a glittering white glory, its crest piercing the very blue of heaven. As I gazed at it there with that little girl I felt my whole heart lifted up with an indescribable emotion, and for a moment great and wonderful thoughts seemed to break upon my mind, even as the arrows of the setting sun were breaking on Kenia's snows. Mr. Mackenzie's natives call the mountain the 'Finger of God,' and to me it did seem eloquent of immortal peace and of the pure high calm that surely lies above this fevered world. Somewhere I had heard a line of poetry,

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,

and now it came into my mind, and for the first time I thoroughly understood what the poet meant. Base, indeed, would be the man who could look upon that mighty snow-wreathed pile—that white old tombstone of the years, and not feel his own utter insignificance, and by whatsoever name he calls Him, worship God in his heart. Such sights are like visions of the spirit; they throw wide the windows of the chamber of our small selfishness and let in a breath of that air that rushes round the rolling spheres, and for a while illumine our darkness with a far-off gleam of the white light which beats upon the Throne.

Yes, such things of beauty are indeed a joy for ever, and I can well understand what little Flossie meant when she talked of Kenia as her companion. As Umslopogaas, savage old Zulu as he was, said when I pointed out to him the peak hanging in the glittering air: 'A man might look thereon for a thousand years and yet be hungry to see.' But he gave rather another colour to his poetical idea when he added in a sort of chant, and with a touch of that weird imagination for which the man was remarkable, that when he was dead he should like his spirit to sit upon that snow-clad peak for ever, and to rush down the steep white sides in the breath of the whirlwind, or on the flash of the lightning, and 'slay, and slay, and slay.'

'Slay what, you old bloodhound?' I asked.

This rather puzzled him, but at length he answered—

'The other shadows.'

'So thou wouldst continue thy murdering even after death?' I said.

'I murder not,' he answered hotly; 'I kill in fair fight. Man is born to kill. He who kills not when his blood is hot is a

woman, and no man. The people who kill not are slaves. I say I kill in fair fight; and when I am "in the shadow," as you white men say, I hope to go on killing in fair fight. May my shadow be accursed and chilled to the bone for ever if it should fall to murdering like a bushman with his poisoned arrows!' And he stalked away with much dignity, and left me laughing.

Just then the spies whom our host had sent out in the morning to find out if there were any traces of our Masai friends about, returned, and reported that the country had been scoured for fifteen miles round without a single Elmoran being seen, and that they believed that those gentry had given up the pursuit and returned whence they came. Mr. Mackenzie gave a sigh of relief when he heard this, and so indeed did we, for we had had quite enough of the Masai to last us for some time. Indeed, the general opinion was that, finding we had reached the mission station in safety, they had, knowing its strength, given up the pursuit of us as a bad job. How ill-judged that view was the sequel will show.

After the spies had gone, and Mrs. Mackenzie and Flossie had retired for the night, Alphonse, the little Frenchman, came out, and Sir Henry, who is a very good French scholar, got him to tell us how he came to visit Central Africa, which he did in a most extraordinary lingo, which for the most part I shall not attempt to reproduce.

'My grandfather,' he began, 'was a soldier of the Guard, and served under Napoleon. He was in the retreat from Moscow, and lived for ten days on his own leggings and a pair he stole from a comrade. He used to get drunk—he died drunk, and I remember playing at drums on his coffin. My father——'

Here we suggested that he might skip his ancestry and come to the point.

'Bien, messieurs!' replied this comical little man, with a polite bow. 'I did only wish to demonstrate that the military principle is not hereditary. My grandfather was a splendid man, six feet two high, broad in proportion, a swallower of fire and gaiters. Also he was remarkable for his moustache. To me there remains the moustache and—nothing more.'

'I am, messieurs, a cook, and I was born at Marseilles. In that dear town I spent my happy youth. For years and years I washed the dishes at the Hôtel Continental. Ah, those were golden days!' and he sighed. 'I am a Frenchman. Need I say, messieurs, that I admire beauty? Nay, I adore the fair:



Messieurs, we admire all the roses in a garden but we pluck one. I plucked one, and alas, messieurs, it pricked my finger. She was a chambermaid, her name Annette, her figure ravishing, her face an angel's, her heart—alas, messieurs, that I should have to own it!—black and slippery as a patent leather boot. I loved her; she was “so spirituous and abandoned”<sup>1</sup> that I could not choose but love her. I loved to desperation, I adored her to despair. She transported me—in every sense; she inspired me. Never have I cooked as I cooked (for I had been promoted at the hotel) when Annette, my adored Annette, smiled on me. Never—and here his manly voice broke into a sob—“never shall I cook so well again.” Here he melted into tears.

“Come, cheer up!” said Sir Henry in French, smacking him smartly on the back. “There’s no knowing what may happen, you know. To judge from your dinner to-day, I should say you were in a fair way to recovery.”

Alphonse stopped weeping, and commenced to rub his back. ‘Monsieur,’ he said, ‘doubtless means to console, but his hand is heavy. To continue: we loved, and were happy in each other’s love. The birds in their little nest could not be happier than Alphonse and his Annette. Then came the blow—saprismi!—when I think of it. Messieurs will forgive if I wipe away a tear. Mine was an evil number; I was drawn for the conscription. Fortune would be avenged on me for having won the heart of Annette.

“The evil moment came; I had to go. I tried to run away, but I was caught by brutal soldiers, and they banged me with the butt-end of muskets till my mustachios curled with pain. I had a cousin a linendraper, well to do but very ugly. He had drawn a good number, and sympathised when they thumped me. “To thee, my cousin,” I said, “to thee, in whose veins flows the blue blood of our heroic grandparent, to thee I consign Annette. Watch over her whilst I hunt for glory on the bloody field.”

“Make your mind easy,” said he; “I will.” As the sequel shows, he did!

“I went. I lived in barracks on black soup. I am a refined man and a poet by nature, and I suffered tortures from the coarse horror of my surroundings. There was a drill sergeant, and he had a cane. Ah, that cane, how it curled! Alas, never can I forget it.

“One morning came the news; my battalion was ordered to

<sup>1</sup> Here I have lapsed into Alphonse’s original version. Sir Henry suggests that he was trying to translate ‘si spirituelle et abandonnée.’

Tonquin. The drill sergeant and the other coarse monsters rejoiced. I—I made enquiries about Tonquin. They were not satisfactory. In Tonquin are savage Chinese who rip you open. My artistic tastes—for I am also an artist—recoiled from the idea of being ripped open. The great man makes up his mind quickly. I made up my mind. I determined not to be ripped open. I deserted.

‘I reached Marseilles disguised as an old man. I went to the house of my cousin—he in whom runs my grandfather’s heroic blood—and there sat Annette. It was the season of cherries. They took a double stalk. At each end was a cherry. My cousin put one into his mouth, Annette put the other in hers. Then they drew the stalks in till their lips met—and alas, alas that I should have to say it!—they kissed. The game was a pretty one, but it filled me with fury. The heroic blood of my grandfather boiled up in me. I rushed into the kitchen. I struck my cousin with the old man’s crutch. How could I tell that his head was like an eggshell? But his skull was thin. The crutch went through it. He died. Annette screamed. The gendarmes came. I fled. I reached the harbour. I hid aboard a vessel. The vessel put to sea. The captain found me and beat me. He took an opportunity. He posted a letter from a foreign port to the police. He did not put me ashore because I cooked so well. I cooked for him all the way to Zanzibar. When I asked for payment he kicked me. The blood of my heroic grandfather boiled within me, and I shook my fist in his face and vowed to have my revenge. He kicked me again. At Zanzibar there was a telegram. I cursed the man who invented telegraphs. Now I curse him again. I was to be arrested for desertion, for murder, and returned to the guillotine. I escaped from the prison. I fled, I starved. I met the men of Monsieur le Curé. They brought me here. I am here full of woe. But I return not to France. Better to risk my life in these horrible places than to know the knife of the guillotine.’

He paused, and we nearly choked with laughter, having to turn our faces away.

‘Ah! you weep, messieurs,’ he said. ‘No wonder—it is a sad story.’

‘Perhaps,’ said Sir Henry, ‘the heroic blood of your grandparent will triumph after all; perhaps you will still be great.’

‘Great!’ replied the little Frenchman sadly. ‘I am already great. I embody the genius of France. Yes, I—I with my



straw hat and my little cane, I am "la France." But will my greatness be recognised? That is the question!

'We shall see,' said Sir Henry. 'And now I vote we go to bed. I am dead tired, and we had not much sleep on that confounded rock last night.'

And so we did, and very strange the tidy rooms and clean white sheets seemed to us after our recent experiences.

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## CHAPTER V.

### UMSLOPOGAAS MAKES A PROMISE.

NEXT morning at breakfast I missed Flossie and asked where she was.

'Well,' said her mother, 'when I got up this morning I found a note put outside my door in which—— Well, here it is, you can read it for yourself,' and she gave me the slip of paper on which the following was written:

'DEAREST M——,—It is just dawn, and I am off to the hills to get Mr. Q—— a bloom of the lily he wants, so don't expect me till you see me. I have taken the white donkey; and nurse and a couple of boys are coming with me—also something to eat, as I may be away all day, as I am determined to get the lily if I have to go twenty miles for it.—FLOSSIE.'

'I hope she will be all right,' I said, a little anxiously; 'I never meant her to trouble after the flower.'

'Ah, Flossie can look after herself,' said her mother; 'she often goes off in this way like a true child of the wilderness.' But Mr. Mackenzie, who came in just then and saw the note for the first time, looked rather grave though he said nothing.

After breakfast was over I took him aside and asked him if it would not be possible to send after the girl and get her back, having in view the possibility of there still being some Masai hanging about, at whose hands she might come to harm.

'I fear it would be of no use,' he answered. 'She may be fifteen miles off by now, and it is impossible to say what path she has taken. There are the hills;' and he pointed to a long range of rising ground stretching almost parallel with the course followed by the river Tana, but gradually sloping down to a dense bush-clad plain about five miles short of the house.

Here I suggested that we might get up the great tree over the house and search the country round with a spyglass; and this, after Mr. Mackenzie had given some orders to his people to try and follow Flossie's spoor, we proceeded to do.

The ascent of the mighty tree was rather a jumpy performance, even with a sound rope ladder fixed at both ends to climb up, at least to a landsman; but Good came up like a lamplighter.

On reaching the height at which the first fern-shaped boughs sprung from the bole, we stepped without any difficulty upon a platform made of boards, nailed from one bough to another, and large enough to accommodate a dozen people. As for the view, it was simply glorious. In every direction the bush rolled away in great billows for miles and miles, as far as the glass would show, only here and there broken by the brighter green of patches of cultivation, or by the glittering surfaces of lakes. To the north-west, Kenia reared his mighty head, and we could trace the Tana River curling like a silver snake almost from his feet, and far away beyond us towards the ocean. It is a glorious country, and only wants the hand of civilised man to make it a most productive one.

But look as we would, we could see no signs of Flossie and her donkey, so at last had to come down disappointed. On reaching the verandah I found Umslopogaas sitting there, slowly and lightly sharpening his axe with a small whetstone he always carried with him.

'What doest thou, Umslopogaas?' I asked.

'I smell blood,' was the answer; and I could get no more out of him.

After dinner we again went up the tree and searched the surrounding country with a spyglass, but without result. When we came down Umslopogaas was still sharpening 'Inkosi-kaas,' although she already had an edge like a razor. Standing in front of him, and regarding him with a mixture of fear and fascination, was Alphonse. And certainly he did seem an alarming object—sitting there, Zulu fashion, on his haunches, a wild sort of look upon his intensely savage and yet intellectual face, sharpening, sharpening, sharpening at the murderous-looking axe.

'Oh, the monster, the horrible man!' said the little French cook, lifting his hands in amazement. 'See but the hole in his head; the skin beats up and down like a baby's! Who would nurse such a baby?' and he burst out laughing at the idea.

For a moment Umslopogaas looked up from his sharpening, and a sort of evil light played in his dark eyes.

'What does the little "buffalo-heifer" [so named by Umslopogaas, on account of his mustachios and feminine characteristics] say? Let him be careful, or I will cut his horns. Beware, little man monkey, beware!'

Unfortunately Alphonse, who was getting over his fear of him, went on laughing at '*ce drôle d'un monsieur noir*.' I was about to warn him to desist, when suddenly the huge Zulu bounded off the verandah on to the open space where Alphonse was standing, his features alive with a sort of malicious enthusiasm, and began swinging the axe round and round over the Frenchman's head.

'Stand still,' I shouted; 'do not move as you value your life—he will not hurt you;' but I doubt if Alphonse heard me, being, fortunately for himself, almost petrified with horror.

Then followed the most extraordinary display of sword, or rather of axemanship, that I ever saw. First of all the axe went flying round and round over the top of Alphonse's head, with an angry whirl and such extraordinary swiftness that it looked like a continuous band of steel, ever getting nearer and yet nearer to that unhappy individual's skull, till at last it grazed it as it flew. Then suddenly the motion was changed, and it seemed to literally flow up and down his body and limbs, never more than an eighth of an inch from them, and yet never striking them. It was a wonderful sight to see the little man fixed there, having apparently realised that to move would be to run the risk of sudden death, while his black tormentor towered over him, and wrapped him round with the quick flashes of the axe. For a minute or more this went on, till suddenly I saw the moving brightness travel down the side of Alphonse's face, and then outwards and stop. As it did so a tuft of something black fell to the ground; it was the tip of one of the little Frenchman's curling mustachios.

Umslopogaas leant upon the handle of Inkosi-kaas, and broke into a long, low laugh; and Alphonse, overcome with fear, sank into a sitting posture on the ground, whilst we stood astonished at this exhibition of almost superhuman skill and mastery of a weapon. 'Inkosi-kaas is sharp enough,' he shouted; 'the blow that clipped the "buffalo-heifer's" horn would have split a man from the crown to the chin. Few could have struck it but I; none could have struck it and not taken off the shoulder too. Look, thou little heifer! Am I a good man to laugh at, thinkest thou? For a space hast thou stood within a hair's-breadth of death. Laugh not again, lest the hair's-breadth be wanting. I have spoken.'

'What meanest thou by such mad tricks?' I asked of Umslo-

pogaas, indignantly. 'Surely thou art mad. Twenty times didst thou go near to slaying the man.'

'And yet, Macumazahn, I slew not. Thrice as Inkosi-kaas flew the spirit entered into me to end him, and send her crashing through his skull; but I did not. Nay, it was but a jest; but tell the "heifer" that it is not well to mock at such as I. Now I go to make a shield, for I smell blood, Macumazahn—of a truth I smell blood. Before the battle hast thou not seen the vultures grow of a sudden in the sky? They smell the blood, Macumazahn, and my scent is more keen than theirs. There is a dry ox-hide down yonder; I go to make a shield.'

'That is an uncomfortable sort of retainer of yours,' said Mr. Mackenzie, who had witnessed this extraordinary scene. 'He has frightened Alphonse out of his wits; look!' and he pointed to the Frenchman, who, with a scared white face and trembling limbs, was making his way into the house. 'I don't think that he will ever laugh at "*le monsieur noir*" again.'

'Yes,' answered I, 'it is ill jesting with such as he. When he is roused he is like a fiend, and yet he has a kind heart in his own fierce way. I remember years ago seeing him nurse a sick child for a week. He is a strange character, but true as steel, and a strong stick to rest on in danger.'

'He says he smells blood,' said Mr. Mackenzie. 'I only trust he is not right. I am getting very fearful about my little girl. She must have gone far, or she would be home by now. It is half-past three o'clock.'

I pointed out that she had taken food with her, and very likely would not in the ordinary course of events return till nightfall; but I myself felt very anxious, and fear that my anxiety betrayed itself.

Shortly after this, the people whom Mr. Mackenzie had sent out to search for Flossie returned, stating that they had followed the spoor of the donkey for a couple of miles and had then lost it on some stony ground, nor could they discover it again. They had, however, scoured the country far and wide, but without success.

After this the afternoon wore drearily on, and towards evening, there still being no signs of Flossie, our anxiety grew very keen. As for the poor mother, she was quite prostrated by her fears, and no wonder, but the father kept his head wonderfully well. Everything that could be done was done: people were sent out in all directions, shots were fired, and a continuous outlook kept from the great tree, but without avail.

And then at last it grew dark, and still no sign of fair-haired little Flossie.

At eight o'clock we had supper. It was but a sorrowful meal, and Mrs. Mackenzie did not appear at it. We three also were very silent, for in addition to our natural anxiety as to the fate of the child, we were weighed down by the sense that we had brought this trouble on the head of our kind host. When supper was nearly at an end I made an excuse to leave the table. I wanted to get outside and think the situation over. I went on to the verandah and, having lit my pipe, sat down on a seat about a dozen feet from the right-hand end of the structure, which was, as the reader may remember, exactly opposite one of the narrow doors of the protecting wall that enclosed the house and flower-garden. I had been sitting there perhaps six or seven minutes when I thought I heard the door move. I looked in that direction and listened, but being unable to make out anything, concluded that I must have been mistaken. It was a darkish night, the moon not having yet risen.

Another minute passed, when suddenly something round fell with a soft but heavy thud upon the stone flooring of the verandah, and came bounding and rolling along past me. For a moment I did not rise, but sat wondering what it could be. Finally, I concluded it must have been an animal. Just then, however, another idea struck me, and I got up quick enough. The thing lay quite still a few feet beyond me. I put down my hand towards it and it did not move: clearly it was not an animal. My hand touched it. It was soft and warm and heavy. Hurriedly I lifted it and held it up against the faint starlight.

*It was a newly severed human head!*

I am an old hand and not easily upset, but I own that that ghastly sight made me feel sick. How had the thing come there? Whose was it? I put it down and ran to the little doorway. I could see nothing, hear nobody. I was about to go out into the darkness beyond, but remembering that to do so was to expose myself to the risk of being stabbed; I drew back, shut the door, and bolted it. Then I returned to the verandah, and in as careless a voice as I could command called Curtis. I fear, however, that my tones must have betrayed me, for not only Sir Henry but also Good and Mackenzie rose from the table and came hurrying out.

'What is it?' said the clergyman, anxiously.

Then I had to tell them.



Mr. Mackenzie turned pale as death under his red skin. We were standing opposite the hall door and there was a light in it so that I could see. He snatched the head up by the hair and held it in the light.

'It is the head of one of the men who accompanied Flossie,' he said with a gasp. 'Thank God it is not hers!'

We all stood and stared at each other aghast. What was to be done?

Just then there was a knocking at the door that I had bolted, and a voice cried, 'Open, my father, open!'

The door was unlocked, and in fled a terrified man. He was one of the spies who had been sent out.

'My father,' he cried, 'the Masai are on us! A great body of them have passed round the hill and are moving towards the old stone kraal down by the little stream. My father, make strong thy heart! In the midst of them I saw the white ass, and on it sat the Waterlily [Flossie]. An Elmoran [young warrior] led the ass, and by its side walked the nurse weeping. The men who went with her in the morning I saw not.'

'Was the child alive?' asked Mr. Mackenzie, hoarsely.

'She was white as the snow but well, my father. They passed quite close to me, and looking up from where I lay hid I saw her face against the sky.'

'God help her and us!' groaned the clergyman.

'How many are there of them?' I asked.

'More than two hundred—two hundred and half a hundred.'

Once more we looked one on the other. What was to be done? Just then there rose a loud insistent cry outside the wall.

'Open the door, white man; open the door! A herald—a herald to speak with thee.' Thus cried the voice.

Umslopogaas ran to the wall, and, reaching with his long arms to the coping, lifted his head above it and gazed over.

'I see but one man,' he said. 'He is armed, and carries a basket in his hand.'

'Open the door,' I said. 'Umslopogaas, take thine axe and stand thereby. Let one man pass. If another follow, slay.'

The door was unbarred. In the shadow of the wall stood Umslopogaas, his axe raised above his head to strike. Just then the moon came out. There was a moment's pause, and then in stalked a Masai Elmoran, clad in the full war panoply that I have already described, but bearing a large basket in his hand. The moonlight shone bright upon his great spear as he walked. He

was physically a splendid man, apparently about thirty-five years of age. Indeed, none of the Masai that I saw were under six feet high, though mostly quite young. When he got opposite to us he halted, put down the basket, and struck the spike of his spear into the ground, so that it stood upright.

'Let us talk,' he said. 'The first messenger we sent to you could not talk;' and he pointed to the head which lay upon the paving of the stoep—a ghastly sight in the moonlight; 'but I have words to speak if ye have ears to hear. Also I bring presents;' and he pointed to the basket and laughed with an air of swaggering insolence that is perfectly indescribable, and yet which one could not but admire, seeing that he was surrounded by enemies.

'Say on,' said Mr. Mackenzie. 'I am the "Lygonani" [war captain] of a part of the Masai of the Guasa Amboni. I and my men followed these three white men,' and he pointed to Sir Henry, Good, and myself, 'but they were too clever for us, and escaped hither. We have a quarrel with them, and are going to kill them.'

'Are you, my friend?' said I to myself.

'In following these men we this morning caught two black men, one black woman, a white donkey, and a white girl. One of the black men we killed—there is his head upon the pavement; the other ran away. The black woman, the little white girl, and the white ass we took and brought with us. In proof thereof have I brought this basket that she carried. Is it not thy daughter's basket?'

Mr. Mackenzie nodded, and the warrior went on.

'Good! With thee and thy daughter we have no quarrel, nor do we wish to harm thee, save as to thy cattle, which we have already gathered, two hundred and forty head—a beast for every man's father.'<sup>1</sup>

Here Mr. Mackenzie gave a groan, as he greatly valued this herd of cattle, which he bred with much care and trouble.

'So, save for the cattle, thou mayst go free; more especially,' he added frankly, glancing at the wall, 'as this place would be a difficult one to take. But as to these men it is otherwise; we have followed them for eight days, and must kill them. Were we to return to our kraal without having done so, all the girls would make a mock of us. So, however troublesome it may be, they must die.'

<sup>1</sup> The Masai Elmoran or young warrior can own no property, so all the booty they may win in battle belongs to their fathers alone.—A. Q.

'Now I have a proposition for thine ear. We would not harm the little girl; she is too fair to harm, and has besides a brave spirit. Give us one of these three men—a life for a life—and we will let her go, and throw in the black woman with her also. This is a fair offer, white man. We ask but for one, not for the three; we must take another opportunity to kill the other two. I do not even pick my man, though I should prefer the big one,' pointing to Sir Henry; 'he looks strong, and would die more slowly.'

'And if I say I will not yield the man?' said Mr. Mackenzie.

'Nay, say not so, white man,' answered the Masai, 'for then thy daughter dies at dawn, and the woman with her says thou hast no other child. Were she older I would take her for a servant; but as she is so young I will slay her with my own hand—aye, with this very spear. Thou canst come and see, an' thou wilt. I give thee a safe conduct;' and the fiend laughed aloud at his brutal jest.

Meanwhile I had been thinking rapidly, as one does in emergencies, and had come to the conclusion that I would exchange myself against Flossie. I scarcely like to mention the matter for fear it should be misunderstood. Pray do not let any one be misled into thinking that there was anything heroic about this, or any such nonsense. It was merely a matter of common sense and common justice. My life was an old and worthless one, hers was young and valuable. Her death would pretty well kill her father and mother also, whilst nobody would be much the worse for mine; indeed, several charitable institutions would have cause to rejoice thereat. It was indirectly through me that the dear little girl was in her present position. Lastly, a man was better fitted to meet death in such a peculiarly awful form than a sweet young girl. Not, however, that I meant to let these gentry torture me to death—I am far too much of a coward to allow of that, being naturally a timid man; my plan was to see the girl safely exchanged and then to shoot myself, trusting that the Almighty would take the peculiar circumstances of the case into consideration and pardon the act. All this and more went through my mind in very few seconds.

'All right, Mackenzie,' I said, 'you can tell the man that I will exchange myself against Flossie, only I stipulate that she shall be safely in this house before they kill me.'

'Eh?' said Sir Henry and Good simultaneously. 'That you don't.'

'No, no,' said Mr. Mackenzie, 'I will have no man's blood upon my hands. If it please God that my daughter die this awful death, His will be done. You are a brave man (which I am not by any means) and a noble man, Quatermain, but you shall not go.'

'If nothing else turns up I shall go,' I said decidedly.

'This is an important matter,' said Mackenzie, addressing the Lygonani, 'and we must think it over. You shall have our answer at dawn.'

'Very well, white man,' answered the savage indifferently; 'only remember if thy answer is late thy little white bud will never grow into a flower, that is all, for I shall cut it with this,' and he touched the spear. 'I should have thought that thou wouldst play a trick and attack us at night, but I know from the woman with the girl that your men are down at the coast, and that thou hast but twenty men here. It is not wise, white man,' he added with a laugh, 'to keep so small a garrison for your "boma" [kraal]. Well, good night, and good night to you also, other white men, whose eyelids I shall soon close once and for all. At dawn thou wilt bring me word. If not remember it shall be as I have said.' Then turning to Umslopogaas, who had all the while been standing behind him and shepherding him as it were, 'Open the door for me, fellow, quick now.'

This was too much for the old chief's patience. For the last half hour his lips had been, figuratively speaking, positively watering over the Masai Lygonani, and this he could not stand. Placing his long hand on the Elmoran's shoulder he gripped it and gave him such a twist as brought him face to face with himself. Then, thrusting his fierce countenance to within a few inches of the Masai's evil feather-framed features, he said in a low growling voice:

'Seest thou me?'

'Ay, fellow, I see thee.'

'And seest thou this?' and he held Inkosi-kaas before his eyes.

'Ay, fellow, I see the toy; what of it?'

'Thou Masai dog, thou boasting windbag, thou capturer of little girls, with this "toy" will I hew thee limb from limb. Well for thee that thou art a herald, or even now would I strew thy members about the grass.'

The Masai shook his great spear and laughed long and loud as he answered, 'I would that thou stoodst against me man to man, and we would see,' and again he turned to go, still laughing.

'Thou shalt stand against me man to man, be not afraid,' replied Umslopogaas, still in the same ominous voice. 'Thou shalt stand face to face with Umslopogaas, of the blood of Chaka, of the people of the Amazulu, a captain in the regiment of the Nkomabakosi, as many have done before, and bow thyself to Inkosi-kaas, as many have done before. Ay, laugh on, laugh on! to-morrow night shall the jackals laugh as they crunch thy ribs.'

When the Lygonani had gone, one of us thought of opening the basket he had brought as a proof that Flossie was really their prisoner. On lifting the lid it was found to contain a most lovely specimen of both bulb and flower of the Goya lily, which I have already described, in full bloom and quite uninjured, and what was more a note in Flossie's childish hand written in pencil upon a greasy piece of paper that had been used to wrap up some food in.

'DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER,' ran the note, — 'The Masai caught us when we were coming home with the lily. I tried to escape but could not. They killed Tom; the other man ran away. They have not hurt nurse and me, but say that they mean to exchange us against one of Mr. Quatermain's party. *I will have nothing of the sort.* Do not let anybody give his life for me. Try and attack them at night; they are going to feast on three bullocks they have stolen and killed. I have my pistol, and if no help comes by dawn I will shoot myself. They shall not kill me. If so, remember me always, dearest father and mother. I am very frightened, but I trust in God. I dare not write any more as they are beginning to notice. Good-bye. —FLOSSIE.'

Scrawled across the outside of this was 'Love to Mr. Quatermain. They are going to take up the basket, so he will get the lily.'

When I read those words, written by that brave little girl in an hour of danger sufficiently near and horrible to have turned the brain of a strong man, I own I wept, and once more in my heart I vowed that she should not die while my life could be given to save her.

Then eagerly, quickly, almost fiercely, we fell to discussing the situation. Again I said that I would go, and again Mackenzie negatived it, and Curtis and Good, like the true men that they are, vowed that, if I did, they would go with me, and die back to back with me.



‘It is,’ I said at last, ‘absolutely necessary that an effort of some sort should be made before the morning.’

‘Then let us attack them with what force we can muster, and take our chance,’ said Sir Henry.

‘Ay, ay,’ growled Umslopogaas, in Zulu; ‘spoken like a man, Incubu. What is there to be afraid of? Two hundred and fifty Masai, forsooth! How many are we? The chief there [Mr. Mackenzie] has twenty men, and thou, Macumazahn, hast five men, and there are also five white men—that is, thirty men in all—enough, enough. Listen now, Macumazahn, thou who art very clever and old in war. What says the maid? These men eat and make merry; let it be their funeral feast. What said the dog whom I hope to hew down at daybreak? That he feared no attack because we were so few. Knowest thou the old kraal where the men have camped? I saw it this morning; it is thus:’ and he drew an oval on the floor; ‘here is the big entrance, filled up with thorn bushes, and giving on to a steep rise. Why, Incubu, thou and I with axes will hold it against an hundred men striving to break out! Look, now; thus shall the battle go. Just as the light begins to glint upon the oxen’s horns—not before, or it will be too dark, and not later, or they will be awakening and perceive us—let Bougwan creep round with ten men to the top end of the kraal, where the narrow entrance is. Let them silently slay the sentry there so that he makes no sound, and stand ready. Then, Incubu, let thou and I and one of the Askari—the one with the broad chest—he is a brave man—creep to the wide entrance that is filled with thorn bushes, and there also slay the sentry, and armed with battle-axes take our stand also one on each side of the pathway, and one a few paces beyond to deal with such as pass the twain at the gate. It is there that the rush will come. That will leave sixteen men. Let these men be divided into two parties, with one of which shalt thou go, Macumazahn, and with one the “praying man” [Mr. Mackenzie], and, all armed with rifles, let them make their way one to the right side of the kraal and one to the left; and when thou, Macumazahn, lowest like an ox, all shall open fire with the guns upon the sleeping men, being very careful not to hit the little maid. Then shall Bougwan at the far end and his ten men raise their war-cry, and, springing over the wall, put the Masai there to the sword. And it shall happen that, being yet heavy with food and sleep, and bewildered by the firing of the guns, the falling of men, and the spears of Bougwan, the soldiers shall rise and rush like wild game towards

the thorn-stopped entrance, and there the bullets from either side shall plough through them, and there shall Incubu and the Askari and I wait for those who break through. Such is my plan, Macumazahn; if thou hast a better, name it.'

When he had done, I explained to the others such portions of this scheme as they had failed to understand, and they all joined with me in expressing the greatest admiration of the acute and skilful programme devised by the old Zulu, who was, indeed, in his own savage fashion the finest general I ever knew. After some discussion we determined to accept the scheme, as it stood, as being the best possible under the circumstances, and giving as fair a chance of success as such a forlorn hope would admit of—which, however, considering the enormous odds and the character of our foe, was not very great.

'Ah, old lion!' I said to Umslopogaas, 'thou knowest how to lie in wait as well as how to bite, where to seize as well as where to hang on.'

'Aye, aye, Macumazahn,' he answered. 'For thirty years have I been a warrior, and have seen many things. It will be a good fight. I smell blood—I tell thee, I smell blood.'

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE NIGHT WEARS ON.

As may be imagined, at the very first sign of a Masai the entire population of the Mission Station had sought refuge inside the stout stone wall, and were now to be seen—men, women, and countless children—huddled up together in little groups, and all talking at once in awed tones of the awfulness of Masai manners and customs, and of the fate that they had to expect if those bloodthirsty savages succeeded in getting over the stone wall.

Immediately after we had settled upon the outline of our plan of action as suggested by Umslopogaas, Mr. Mackenzie sent for four sharp boys of from twelve to fifteen years of age, and despatched them to various points from whence they could keep an outlook upon the Masai camp, with orders to report from time to time what was going on. Other lads and even women were stationed at intervals along the wall in order to guard against the possibility of surprise.

After this the twenty men who formed his whole available fighting force were summoned by our host into the square formed by the house, and there, standing by the bole of the great conifer, he earnestly addressed them and our four Askari. Indeed, it formed a very impressive scene—one not likely to be forgotten by anybody who witnessed it. Immediately by the tree stood the angular form of Mr. Mackenzie, one arm outstretched as he talked, and the other resting against the giant bole, his hat off, and his plain but kindly face clearly betraying the anguish of his mind. Next to him was his poor wife, who, seated on a chair, had her face hidden in her hand. On the other side of her was Alphonse, looking exceedingly uncomfortable, and behind him stood the three of us, with Umslopogaas' grim and towering form in the background, resting, as usual, on his axe. In front stood and squatted the group of armed men—some with rifles in their hands, and others with spears and shields—following with eager attention every word that fell from the speaker's lips. The white light of the moon peering in beneath the lofty boughs threw a strange wild glamour over the scene, whilst the melancholy southing of the night wind passing through the millions of pine needles overhead added a sadness of its own to what was already a sufficiently tragic occasion.

'Men,' said Mr. Mackenzie, after he had put all the circumstances of the case fully and clearly before them, and explained to them the proposed plan of our forlorn hope—'men, for years I have been a good friend to ye, protecting ye, teaching ye, guarding ye and yours from harm, and ye have prospered with me. Ye have seen my child—the Waterlily, as ye call her—grow year by year, from tenderest infancy to tender childhood, and from childhood on towards maidenhood. She has been your children's playmate, she has helped to tend ye when sick and ye have loved her.'

'We have,' said a deep voice, 'and we will die to save her.'

'I thank ye from my heart—I thank ye. Sure am I that now, in this hour of darkest trouble; now that her young life is like to be cut off by cruel and savage men—who of a truth "know not what they do"—ye will strive your best to save her, and to save me and her mother from broken hearts. Think, too, of your own wives and children. If she dies, her death will be followed by an attack upon us here, and at the best, even if we hold our own, your houses and gardens will be destroyed, and your goods and cattle swept away. I am, as ye well know, a man of peace. Never

in all these years have I lifted my hand to shed man's blood; but now I say strike, strike, in the name of God, Who bade us protect our lives and homes. Swear to me,' he went on with added fervour—'swear to me that whilst a man of you remains alive ye will strive your uttermost with me and with these brave white men to save the child from a bloody and a cruel death.'

'Say no more, my father,' said the same deep voice, that belonged to a stalwart elder of the Mission; 'we swear it. May we and ours die the death of dogs and our bones be thrown to the jackals and the kites if we break the oath! It is a fearful thing to do, my father, so few to strike at so many, yet will we do it or die in the doing. We swear!'

'Ay, so say we all,' chimed in the others.

'So say we all,' said I.

'It is well,' went on Mr. Mackenzie. 'Ye are true men and not broken reeds to lean on. And now, friends—white and black together—let us kneel and offer up our humble supplication to the Throne of Power, praying that He in the hollow of Whose hand lie all our lives, Who giveth life and giveth death, may be pleased to make strong our hands that we may prevail in what awaits us at the morning's light.'

And he knelt down, an example that we all followed except Umslopogaas, who still stood in the background, grimly leaning on Inkosi-kaas. The fierce old Zulu had no gods, and worshipped nought, unless it were his battle-axe.

'Oh God of gods!' began the clergyman, his deep voice, tremulous with emotion, echoing up in the silence even to the leafy roof; 'Protector of the oppressed, Refuge of those in danger, Guardian of the helpless, hear Thou our prayer! Almighty Father, to Thee we come in supplication. Hear Thou our prayer! Behold, one child hast Thou given us—an innocent child, nurtured in Thy knowledge—and now she lies beneath the shadow of the sword, in danger of a fearful death at the hands of cruel men. Be with her now, oh God, and comfort her! Save her, oh Heavenly Father! Oh God of battle, Who teacheth our hands to war and our fingers to fight, in Whose strength are hid the destinies of men, be Thou with us in the hour of strife. When we go forth into the shadow of death make Thou us strong to conquer. Breathe Thou upon our foes and scatter them; turn Thou their strength to water, and bring their high-blown pride to nought; compass us about with Thy protection; throw over us the shield of Thy power; forget us not now in the hour of our sore distress;

help us now that the cruel man would dash our little ones against the stones! Hear Thou our prayer! And for those of us who, kneeling now on earth in health before Thee, shall at the sunrise adore Thy Presence on the Throne, hear our prayer! Make them clean, oh God; wash away their offences in the blood of the Lamb; and when their spirits pass, oh receive Thou them into the haven of the just. Go forth, oh Father, go forth with us into the battle, as with the Israelites of old. Oh God of battles, hear Thou our prayer!

He ceased, and after a moment's silence we all rose, and then began our preparations in good earnest. As Umslopogaas said, it was time to stop 'talking' and get to business. The men who were to form each little party were carefully selected, and still more carefully and minutely instructed as to what was to be done. After much consideration it was agreed that the ten men led by Good, whose duty it was to stampede the camp, were not to carry fire-arms; that is with the exception of Good himself, who had a revolver as well as a short sword—the Masai 'sime' which I had taken from the body of our poor servant who was murdered in the canoe. We feared that if they had fire-arms the result of three cross-fires carried on at once would be that some of our own people would be shot; besides, it appeared to all of us that the work they had to do would best be carried out with cold steel—especially to Umslopogaas, who was, indeed, a great advocate of cold steel. We had with us four Winchester repeating rifles, besides half-a-dozen Martinis. I armed myself with one of the repeaters—my own; an excellent weapon for this kind of work, where great rapidity of fire is desirable, and fitted with ordinary flap-sights instead of the usual cumbersome sliding mechanism which they generally have. Mr. Mackenzie took another, and the two remaining ones were given to two of his men who understood the use of them and were noted shots. The Martinis and some rifles of Mr. Mackenzie's were served out, together with a plentiful supply of ammunition, to the other natives who were to form the two parties whose duty it was to be to open fire from separate sides of the kraal on the sleeping Masai, and who were fortunately all more or less accustomed to the use of a gun.

As for Umslopogaas, we know how he was armed—with an axe. It may be remembered that he, Sir Henry, and the strongest of the Askari were to hold the thorn-stopped entrance to the kraal against the anticipated rush of men striving to escape. Of course, for such a purpose as this guns were useless. Therefore Sir Henry



and the Askari proceeded to arm themselves in like fashion. It so happened that Mr. Mackenzie had in his little store a selection of the very best steel English-made hammer-backed axe-heads. Sir Henry selected one of these weighing about two and a half pounds and very broad in the blade, and the Askari took another a size smaller. After Umslopogaas had put an extra edge on these two axe-heads, we proceeded to fix them to three feet six helves, of which Mr. Mackenzie fortunately had some in stock, made of a light but exceedingly tough native wood, something like English ash, only more springy. When two suitable helves had been selected with great care and the ends of the haft notched to prevent the hand from slipping, the axe-heads were fixed on them as firmly as possible, and the weapons immersed in a bucket of water for half an hour. The result of this was to swell the wood in the socket in such a fashion that nothing short of burning would get it out again. When this important matter had been attended to by Umslopogaas, I went into my room and proceeded to open a little tin-lined deal case, which had not been undone since we left England, and which contained—what do you think?—nothing more nor less than four mail shirts.

It had happened to us three on a previous journey that we had made in another part of Africa to owe our lives to iron shirts of native make, and remembering this I had suggested before we started on our present hazardous expedition that we should have some made to fit us. There was a little difficulty about this, as armour-making is pretty well an extinct art, but they can do most things in the way of steel work in Birmingham if they are put to it and you will pay the price, and the end of it was that they turned us out the loveliest steel shirts it is possible to see. The workmanship was exceedingly fine, the web being composed of thousands upon thousands of stout but tiny rings of the best steel made. These shirts, or rather steel-sleeved and high-necked jerseys, were lined with ventilated wash leather, were not bright, but browned like the barrel of a gun; and mine weighed exactly seven pounds and fitted me so well that I found I could wear it for days next my skin without being chafed. Sir Henry had two, one of the ordinary make, viz. a jersey with little dependent flaps meant to afford some protection to the upper part of the thighs, and another of his own design fashioned on the pattern of the garments advertised as 'combinations' and weighing twelve pounds. This combination shirt, of which the seat was made of wash-leather, protected the whole body down to

the knees, but was rather more cumbersome, inasmuch as it had to be laced up the back and, of course, involved some extra weight. With these shirts were what looked like four brown cloth travelling caps with ear pieces. Each of these caps was however, quilted with steel links so as to afford a most valuable protection for the head.

It seems almost laughable to talk of steel shirts in these days of bullets, against which they are of course quite useless; but where one has to do with savages, armed with cutting weapons such as assegais or battle-axes, they afford the most valuable protection, being, if well made, quite invulnerable to them. I have often thought that if only the English Government had in our savage wars, and more especially in the Zulu war, thought fit to serve out light steel shirts, there would be many a man alive to-day who, as it is, is dead and forgotten.

To return: on the present occasion we blessed our foresight in bringing these shirts, and also our good luck, in that they had not been stolen by our rascally bearers when they bolted with our goods. As Curtis had two, and, after considerable deliberation, had made up his mind to wear his combination one himself—the extra three or four pounds' weight being a matter of no account to so strong a man, and the protection afforded to the thighs being a very important matter to an individual not armed with a shield of any kind—I suggested that he should lend the other to Umslopogaas, who was to share the danger and the glory of his post. He readily consented, and called the Zulu, who came bearing Sir Henry's axe, which he had now fixed up to his satisfaction, with him. When we showed him the steel shirt, and explained to him that we wanted him to wear it, he at first declined, saying that he had fought in his own skin for thirty years, and that he was not going to begin now to fight in an iron one. Thereupon I took a heavy spear, and, spreading the shirt upon the floor, drove the spear down upon it with all my strength, the weapon rebounding without leaving a mark upon the tempered steel. This exhibition half converted him; and when I pointed out to him how necessary it was that he should not let any old-fashioned prejudices he might possess stand in the way of a precaution which might preserve a valuable life at a time when men were scarce, and also that if he wore this shirt he might dispense with a shield, and so have both hands free, he yielded at once, and proceeded to invest his great frame with the 'iron skin.' And indeed, although made for Sir Henry, it fitted

the great Zulu like a skin. The two men were almost of a height; and, though Curtis looked the bigger man, I am inclined to think that the difference was more imaginary than real, the fact being that, although he was plumper and rounder, he was not really bigger, except in the arm. Umslopogaas had comparatively speaking thin arms, but they were as strong as wire ropes. At any rate, when they both stood, axe in hand, invested in the brown mail, which clung to their mighty forms like a web garment, showing the swell of every muscle and the curve of every line, they formed a pair that any ten men might shrink from meeting.

It was now nearly one o'clock in the morning, and the spies reported that, after having drunk the blood of the oxen and eaten enormous quantities of meat, the Masai were going to sleep round their watchfires; but that sentries had been posted at each opening of the kraal. Flossie, they added, was sitting not far from the wall in the centre of the western side of the kraal, and by her were the nurse and the white donkey, which was tethered to a peg. Her feet were bound with a rope, and warriors were lying about all round her.

As there was absolutely nothing further that could be done then we all took some supper, and went to lie down for a couple of hours. I could not help admiring the way in which old Umslopogaas flung himself down upon the floor, and, unmindful of what was hanging over him, instantly sank into a deep sleep. I don't know how it was with the others, but I could not do as much. Indeed, as is usual with me on these occasions, I am sorry to say that I felt rather frightened; and, now that some of the enthusiasm had gone out of me, and I began to calmly contemplate what we had undertaken to do, truth compels me to add that I did not like it. We were but thirty men all told, a good many of whom were no doubt quite unused to fighting, and we were going to tackle two hundred and fifty of the fiercest, bravest, and most formidable savages in Africa, who, to make matters worse, were protected by a stone wall. It was, indeed, a mad undertaking, and what made it even madder was the exceeding improbability of our being able to take up our positions without attracting the notice of the sentries. Of course if we once did that—and any slight accident, such as the chance discharge of a gun, might do it—we were done for, for the whole camp would be up in a second, and our only hope lay in a surprise.

The bed whereon I lay indulging in these uncomfortable re-

flections was near an open window that looked on to the verandah, through which came an extraordinary sound of groaning and weeping. For a time I could not make out what it was, but at last I got up and putting my head out of the window stared about. Presently I saw a dim figure kneeling on the end of the verandah and beating his breast—in which I recognised Alphonse. Not being able to understand his French talk or what on earth he was at, I called to him and asked him what he was doing.

‘Ah, monsieur,’ he sighed, ‘I do make prayer for the souls of those whom I shall slay to-night.’

‘Indeed,’ I said, ‘then I wish that you would do it a little more quietly.’

Alphonse retreated, and I heard no more of his groans. And so the time passed, till at length Mr. Mackenzie called me in a whisper through the window, for of course everything had now to be done in the most absolute silence. ‘Three o’clock,’ he said, ‘we must begin to move at half-past.’

I told him to come in and presently he entered, and I am bound to say that if it had not been that just then I had not got a laugh anywhere about me, I should have exploded at the sight he presented armed for battle. To begin with, he had on a clergyman’s black swallow-tail and a kind of broad-rimmed black felt hat, both of which he had donned on account, he said, of their dark colour. In his hand was the Winchester repeating rifle we had lent him; and stuck in an elastic cricketering belt, like those worn by English boys, were, first, a huge buckhorn-handled carving knife with a guard to it, and next a long-barrelled Colt’s revolver.

‘Ah, my friend,’ he said, seeing me staring at his belt, ‘you are looking at my “carver.” I thought it might come in handy if we came to close quarters; it is excellent steel, and many is the pig I have killed with it.’

By this time everybody was up and dressing. I put on a light Norfolk jacket over my mail shirt in order to have a pocket handy to hold my cartridges, and buckled on my revolver. Good did the same, but Sir Henry put on nothing except his mail shirt, steel-lined cap, and a pair of ‘veldt-schoons’ or soft hide shoes, his legs being bare from the knees down. His revolver he strapped on round his middle outside the armoured shirt.

Meanwhile Umslopogaas was mustering the men in the square under the big tree and going the rounds to see that each was

properly armed, etc. At the last moment we made one change. Finding that two of the men who were to have gone with the firing parties knew little or nothing of guns, but were good spearsmen, we took away their rifles, supplied them with shields and long spears of the Masai pattern and told them off to join Curtis, Umslopogaas, and the Askari in holding the wide opening; it having become clear to us that three men, however brave and strong, were too few for the work.

(To be continued.)



## *Mysterious Disappearances.*

‘Land in your eye!’ said the mate, who was looking through the telescope.

*Two Years Before the Mast.*

SOMETHING of humour goes to the fancy of a shipmaster homeward-bound with a mind oppressed by the discovery of land that is literally ‘all in his eye.’ The emotions excited by Samuel Weller’s lantern in the soul of the scientific gentleman would be trifling compared with the fine triumph of a man who is the first to discover land. Though it be but a rock—nay, a reef or shoal—is it not a surer hand than that of the greatest poet for the carrying of one’s name down to the remotest posterity? What as a memorial so excellent and enduring as a piece of mother-earth? Every new chart enlarges the bounds of the discoverer’s fame. Take such a man as Bugsby. In what old black-letter book the life of him lies pierced through and through by worms I know not. I might search Limehouse and Poplar and find no oldest inhabitant able to tell me a word about Bugsby, whether he was a great merchant or a haggard water-thief, whether he fetched his last breath in Execution Dock, or died very honestly in a four-poster. Yet so long as the silver Thames shall flow, so long (I am afraid) will its translucent tide—particularly in the neighbourhood of the East India Docks and the aromatic Isle of Dogs—go on murmuring the elegant name of Bugsby. Bugsby’s Reach! Think of the enormous fame of Bugsby! Then should not a master-mariner, sailing home with an entry concerning a discovery of land in his log-book, feel extremely boastful and happy? Supposing it to be, as it almost always is in this age of an exhausted world, an island or a rock entirely ‘in his eye’: it will be the same to him; he will go to his grave as cocksure about it as if he had landed, hoisted the Union Jack, taken possession of it in the Queen’s name, and called it by his own. Several nations may send forth ships to examine the spot: all whose commanders shall return and say

there is nothing to be seen. But the first discoverer of land is a being not to be easily cheated out of his convictions. 'Land-ho!' 'Whereaway?' 'Dead abeam!' and there it must stand, a piece of holy ground in our skipper's faith, latitude unquestionable, longitude exact, though a shift of wind or a new complexion of light would attenuate the solid object into a texture considerably thinner than the most difficult of the difficult airs of the mountain-tops.

Some islands have been unaffected dreams. Such was that shore which at the dawning of the day proved to be 'a land flat to our sight, and full of bosage, which made it show the more dark,' called by its discoverer New Atlantis. Such was that happy republic whose 'figure is not unlike a crescent; between its horns the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay.' Such, too, are the queer countries of Swift and Rabelais, and of several philosophers and poets, both of ancient and modern times. But, on the other hand, many of the old sea-girt demon-haunted rocks, the sunny and spice-sweetened and flower-coloured dominions of the ocean fairies, the little surf-washed principalities of dead seamen's souls, were as real as immoderate private conviction could render them.

The ocean was a huge mystery; and things which familiarity has long ago rendered insignificant were instinct with the terror, the splendour, the power, the majesty of the ocean, marvellous with the spirit of the measureless surface and the unfathomed depths, in the midst of which the early mariner found them. The enchanted island was real enough then. The sea-life was in its beginning: it was credulous as a man's childhood is; and, childlike, it took wonders and astonishments and impossibilities for the truth, and by sheer stress of prodigious faith made them so.

It must have been a noble time to go to sea in. A boy starts now as a sailor for India or China, and his head is full of fancies of elephants, ivory, gleaming towers, wild beasts, coloured men, and strange coins. His imagination reaches no further than his reading, or what has been told him. He pretty well knows what he is to see, and, of course, what he sees falls infinitely short of his expectations. But the ocean to the ancient mariner was pure Wonderland. Read what he has to say of the whale, the albatross, the iceberg. Coleridge catches the infantile awe and astonishment of the early voyagers in that exquisite 'rime' of his, in which the commonplaces of the deep show mighty and

fearful, as a sort of prodigies indeed, in the organ-utterance of the aged seaman of lean and Ember-week-like aspect. In these days if a man arrives home with a yarn of an uncharted rock his tale is to the last degree prosaic. The primitive navigator, on the other hand, would have found it a heap of extraordinary sights, a mass of miracles. Of course he had this advantage over us moderns: he could hint at its situation with such happy ambiguity as would defy discovery of it, even if the astrolabe and the cross-staff had been as precise as the sextant and the chronometer. But then he credited his own detections. His tales rendered his charts as queer to the eye as a star-map outlined with the zodiacal symbolism; and the ocean was like Spenser's poem for witcheries, marvels, necromancies, monstrous shapes, dreadful sounds, and mysterious islands. A romantic marine age, indeed, when Cape Fly-away was to be doubled, and Norman's land made!

Of the unparalleled isles of the ancient mariner many descriptions are extant. We hear of floating islands verdant with tropic vegetation suddenly rising to the surface of the sea, then foundering; of islands covered with medicinal herbs of greater efficacy even than the most largely advertised of modern pills, approaching the coast once in every seven years; of islands inhabited by women only; of islands merely enchanted, such as the old New England voyager's: 'very thick foggie weather, we sailed by an enchanted island, saw a great deal of filth and rubbish floating by the ship'; of islands formed of green meadows, which, says Mr. Wirt Sikes, 'were supposed to be the abode of the souls of certain Druids who, not holy enough to enter the heaven of the Christians, were still not wicked enough to be condemned to the tortures of Annwn, and so were accorded a place in this romantic sort of purgatorial paradise' ('British Goblins'). Here is one of Mandeville's twisters:—

'In an isle clept Crues, ben schippes withouten nayles of iren, or bonds, for the rockes of the adamandes; for they ben alle fulle there aboute in that see, that it is marveyle to spoken of. And gif a schippe passed by the marches, and hadde either iren bands or iren nayles, anon he sholde ben perished. For the adamande of this kinde draws the iren to him; and so wolde it draw to him the schippe, because of the iren; that he sholde never departen fro it, ne never go thens.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Simon Wilkin in his edition of Sir Thomas Browne's Works.

How must the apprehension of encountering such islands as this, capable of wrecking a stout ship by magnetically extracting her iron bolts and so dissolving her, have set the knees of the sturdiest old sailors knocking one against another! Or figure the emotions with which they would view the prospect of going ashore upon such an island as we have here: 'There came a southe winde, and drof the shyppe northward, wheras they saw an ylonde full dirke and full of stench and smoke; and then they herde grete blowinge and blasting of belowes, but they might see noothyng, but herde grete thunderyng.'<sup>1</sup>

But these wonderful isles of the sea differed widely, some being very horrible and some being delightful. Oh, sings Thomas Moore:

Oh, for some fair Formosa, such as he,  
The young Jew fabled of in the Indian sea,  
By nothing but its name of Beauty known,  
And which Queen Fancy might make all her own,  
Her fairy kingdom—take its peoples, lands,  
And tenements into her own bright hands,  
And make at least one earthly corner fit  
For love to live in, pure and exquisite!

Such an island as this was discovered and duly reported. First by a monk, who after sailing three days due east beheld a dark cloud, which when it cleared, revealed an island where 'was joy and mirthe enough.' This monk had apparently been induced to put to sea by the assurance of a mariner that he had met Judas floating on a rock! It was reserved for St. Brandan, however, to christen this delectable spot, and he called it the Blessed Island. Though its existence was fully believed in, its reputation faded as the years rolled by and nobody came home to say he had seen it. Then, all on a sudden, a Lisbon pilot stumbled upon it in a gale of wind, and so whetted the appetite of a Spanish nobleman for its felicities that his lordship fitted out an expedition for no other purpose than to find it. Happier for him had it remained a secret of the deep! he was wrecked upon it, fell into a trance that lasted some years, woke up mad, and returned to Spain with a long story of its being populated and ruled by a descendant of the last King of the Goths. The Spanish nobleman's experiences of its blessedness did not weaken the general faith in this ocean paradise; search was made for it so late as 1721, after which it disappears. Possibly it was the account of

<sup>1</sup> The Golden Legend.

some such an island as this that addled the brains of King Gavran and sent him seeking for the enchanted fairy meadows which floated upon the sea. He took his family with him, and he and they were never heard of more. But does not one see in all this how real those islands were, how seductive or repellent, and how delightfully different from the plain discoveries of the modern mariner, whether fancied or real?

'There are traditions,' says Mr. Wirt Sikes, 'of sailors who in the early part of the present century actually went ashore on the fairy islands, not knowing that they were such until they returned to their boats, when they were filled with awe at seeing the islands disappear from their sight, neither sinking in the sea nor floating away upon the waters, but simply vanishing suddenly.'

There is pleasantness and softness in the fancy of men in olden days putting forth to sea in search of islands of bliss, of insulated paradises as visionary as the poet's dream-like shore dimly resounding the wash of fairy breakers. The mariner must have spun his yarn to some purpose to awaken that thirsty desire of emigration. Many wonders, which might have remained hidden for ever in the dark ocean solitude, were lighted on by elderly gentlemen, with long hair and in costumes like bed-gowns, who were abroad searching for spots which the Jacks of that age had declared to be out and away superior to Eden. Maildun, a Celtic hero, one of these searchers, came across several islands filled with demons and monsters. He also encountered a Circe, and eventually the terrestrial paradise. But nothing particular seems to have come of these discoveries, and it is to be suspected that he did not take the trouble to verify their position. Another person, a saint, after a long search, found a holy island inhabited by twenty-four monks. How these monks managed to get there, in what condition the saint found them, whether they were spontaneous growths or a kind of melancholic survival of a state of society whose origin is now hopelessly indeterminable, we are not told. The same saint also met with an island whose inhabitants were fallen angels, and an island populated by fiends, who fell upon him and forced him to fly. In fact, if this saint is to be believed, he was quite the Captain Cook of his day. Yet his search after the Australia Incognita of bliss must, I think, be pronounced distinctly unsatisfactory, though one cannot but respect a theory of life that could impart the animation of adventure to a monastic bosom.



But much of what old ocean has of romance in its history lies in the ancient reports of its wonders, and in the interpretation of its legible characters by the child-like vision of the vanished shipmen. Remove those Fortunate Islands, those Blessed Islands, those islands haunted by 'demon women wailing for their lovers': strike out from the annals those fables, faint with a strange light, of venturesome marine saints, of marvelling, bright-eyed, hook-nosed 'marineeres'; and I am afraid that what else of human poetry remains must be sought in the ship's fore-castle. The very fish they saw, sporting in the yeast over the side, were as astonishing as the islands they passed. 'Along all that coast,' wrote Mr. Thomas Stevens, 'we often times saw a thing swimming upon the water like a cock's combe (which they call a ship at Guinea), but the colour much fairer; which combe standeth upon a thing almost like the swimmer of a fish in colour and bignesse, and beareth underneath in the water, strings, which save it from turning over.'<sup>1</sup> 'Od's fish' would seem an appropriate expression in the mouths of such navigators. What sort of thing is this cockscomb with strings? They wrapt up what they saw in quaint dark words; and their imagination operating on what they beheld set life a-teeming with marvels. Or mark them sailing past a headland: 'At this Cape lieth a great stone, to the which the barks that passed thereby, were wont to make offerings of butter, meale and other victuals, thinking that unlesse they did so, their barks or vessels should there perish, as it hath been oftentimes seene; and there it is very darke and mistie.'<sup>2</sup> Thus these poor old fellows, crossing themselves and singing a litany the while, propitiate the demon of the place with offerings of wet and dry stores, and you see them in fancy grouped in a body upon the deck watching with bowed heads and level alarmed gaze the sullen and dismal loom of the coast slowly veering away upon the quarter, as though the rugged, fog-swollen mass might at any moment shape itself into the titanic proportions of the fiend-king of the cold and barren land. To those early eyes such monsters revealed themselves, that the like was never heard of before or since. A crew would come home and say that they had met with an extraordinary animal that had a horse's body and a pig's head; another, that they had seen a similar wonder, only in this case it was a stag's body with horns; a third, that one day, the sea being calm, there rose close to the ship an animal that had the head and snout of a boar, and that spouted water through a

<sup>1</sup> Hackluyt.<sup>2</sup> Jenkins's Voyage in Hackluyt.

tube at the top of its head. Those were the halcyon days of the mermaid and the merman; leviathan then sported in twenty different terrible shapes, with mouth most hideously garnished with quadruple rows of teeth gaping moonwards; the sea-serpent wrapped the spinning globe about with a million leagues of scales; strange voices whispered in mysterious accents under the still, intertropic starlight, and shapes like the shadows of pinions moved upon the midnight air; spectral lanthorns were hung up by spirit-hands at the yard-arms and on the bowsprit-end, and, by their dull, graveyard illumination, cast a dismal complexion of death upon the upwards-staring faces of the mariners. I find those early seamen always sailing along as if possessed with an uncontrollable awe and reverence; they are punctual in their prayers; the whole story of their navigation is but a single-hearted reference to the majesty and mercy of the Most High; the atmosphere about them trembles to their devout muttering of *Aves* and the low chanting of psalms. The ocean was a mystery, the home and the haunt of creatures and objects not to be conceived by the understanding of men. The spirit and influence of the liquid solitude beyond the familiar line, over whose edge the sun rose or sank every day, you will find expressed with artless, most impressive power in the narrative of the first voyage of Columbus in Harris's Collection, briefly recited as the great admiral's adventures there are. For such and for earlier mariners—as indeed for later, down even to the times of Dampier, Shelvocke, Cowley, and the Dutch and French explorers of the early years of the last century—the sea could not but hold islands of enchantment, green places deep in its heart, on whose sands the water-nymphs, fresh from their coral pavilions, sat combing their yellow hair; paradisiacal abodes whose soil was brilliant with gold dust, over whose trees, radiant with fruit, flew birds of a plumage of dazzling splendour, in whose central valley girls of startling beauty might be seen in the moonlight threading with languid eyes the mazes of some amorous dance. Did not Herman Melville, so recently even as 1830 or 1840, find some such enchanted island as this in the Marquesas group?

The sudden emergence or subsidence of land would also help to confirm the ancient mariner in his belief in magic isles, and in their controlment by spells of necromancy. In an old nautical magazine, dated 1802, I find the following:—‘On the seventh of June, 1790, the *Seahorse*, Captain Mayo, of Boston, from the coast of Africa, saw (in lat. 73 South) a large point of land sink

in one moment into the unfathomable deep! As soon as the crew recovered from the inexpressible horror which so tremendous a spectacle must have impressed on their minds, they steered up to some ships catching whales, and found that their men had been spectators of the same awful scene. The seamen involuntarily dropped down upon their knees and thanked God for their escape, having been on the same point of land a short time before its sudden disappearance.'

They saw the land disappear; but suppose no other vessels had been in company, and it had chanced that none of the crew had seen the land sink; you have then the seeds of an amazing relation. Figure a dead calm, all hands below at dinner, and nobody on deck but the man at the wheel nodding drowsily over the spokes. The land was plain enough in sight, a mile distant, perhaps, when the crew left the deck; when they return it has vanished. Had it been a ship they would, of course, suppose that she had foundered. But land! is it possible that a tall, substantial mass of land shall vanish on a sudden like a wreath of tobacco smoke? Had the vessel been whirled away out of sight of it by a fierce current? Had she been insensibly blown some leagues along by a stout breeze of wind? No. The man at the wheel is questioned: he rubs his eyes, stares, it is the same marvel to him as to the others. Knowing something of the sailor's character, I will venture to say that had not those men of the *Seahorse* actually seen the land go down, two-thirds of them would have gone to their graves persuaded that there had been witchcraft in the business. But put the date back three centuries, into the period of the real Ancient Mariner. He shall behold the cliff founder, if you please, and yet land at Plymouth or Erith with an imagination charged to bursting point with this obvious Satanic engorgement. I think I see him telling the story. Can his hearers, gazing upon his mahogany face, doubt that there are islands which rise and sink? and how can they rise or sink without magical possession, without being under the government of Something to direct them? The ancient mariner might, indeed, be beforehand with a solution by importing, let me say, one visible jaw of a monstrous fish that did 'suck ye londe down to ye admiration of ye beholders.' But failing some such explanation, the reason must be sought for devil-wards. The island or cliff easily becomes the abode of demons or of ocean-spirits, who use their dominions as a sort of ship, and who, when they desire a change of air or scene, alter their latitude and longitude by the easy expedient of

a submarine excursion. Such a solution could not long miss of confirmation. For presently arrives some *Elizabeth-Jonah*, or some *Ascension*, of London, or *Jesus*, of Hull, with an extraordinary and incredible report: to wit, that being about fifty leagues to the westwards of the island of Madeira, there did happen a mighty commotion in the sea; the water boiled furiously, and out of the midst of it there arose a great flame that was followed by a thick black coil of smoke which emitted a most detestable stench. This, rising, did overspread the heavens with a sable canopy, through which the sun, that had before been ardent, glowed ruefully with a most affrighting face. When the atmosphere had somewhat cleared, and the sea fallen flat again, they observed a great heap of black land floating just where the flame had been; but now, to their great joy, a small gale happening, they hastily trimmed their sails to it and departed, with hearty thanksgiving for their merciful deliverance from an hideous and diabolic spot. There would be to the full as much truth in this as in the account of the subsidence. In every century there have been submarine volcanic disturbances which have dislodged or uphove points of land, rocks, little and even big islands. Suppose what these cheery old mariners beheld was, instead of land, a body of compacted weed; or, not impossibly, a dead whale. No matter! home with the thrilling story; and let any man be pilloried who shall dare to doubt that the rock that came up is not the very identical rock that went down!

I find a singular example of the credulity that gives to the sea the choicest flavour of romance in a note to the life of Sir William Gascoigne, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of King Henry IV., in the first edition (1750) of the '*Biographia Britannica*':

'When the said Sir Bernard Gascoign (the writer is referring to a descendant of Sir William) returned from his embassy into England, he took shipping at Dunkirk, and one of the passengers who came over with him was Mrs. Aphra Behn, the ingenious poetess. It is asserted by the writer of her life that in the course of their voyage they all saw a surprising *phænomenon*, whether formed by any rising exhalations or descending vapours shaped by the winds and irradiated by refracted lights, is not explained; but it appeared through Sir Bernard's telescopes, in a clear day at a great distance, to be or to resemble a fine, gay, floating fabrick, adorned with figures, festoons, &c. At first they suspected some art in his glasses, till at last, as it approached, they could see it

plainly without them; and the relater is so particular in the description as to assert that it appeared to be a four-squared floor of various coloured marble, having rows of fluted and twisted pillars ascending, with cupids on the top circled with vines and flowers, and streamer waving in the air. 'Tis added of this strange visionary, if not romantic or poetical, pageant—for fancy is an architect that can build castles in the clouds as well by sea as land—that it floated almost near enough for them to step out upon it; as if it would invite them to a safer landing than they sought by sailing; or pretended that the one should be as dangerous and deceitful as the other; for soon after the calm which ensued there arose such a violent storm that they were all shipwreckt, but happily in sight of land, to which by timely assistance they all got safe.'

Here, to be sure, we have a very circumstantial account of a very astonishing apparition. This would seem to have been the Blessed Island for which the saints and a noble Spanish lord made search in earlier times. It is a pity that the story comes to us in the life of so lively a romancer as Mrs. Aphra Behn; one would rather have had the grave and wary Sir Bernard's version. Certain points suggest the legend of Vanderdecken, as for example the circumstance of the storm rising and shipwreck following the approach of the island-pavilion. This fabric of fluted pillars and radiant banners must count among the mysterious disappearances. Why, when these phenomenal glories of the deep floated into full view of the mariner, why had not he the heart to straightway launch his shallop, row with anchor and cable to the magic strand and 'fix' the place, as the Yankees would say, for the satisfaction and diversion of posterity? Why should all those wonders have been in vain? If the modern seaman lack the poetic vision of the early navigator he is more generous in his detections; he desires the world to share in his own satisfaction and goes very painfully and exactly to his relation though it does but concern an iceberg or a body of vapour. The gallant Rodney, when Commodore (1752), was sent cruising in search of an island which one Captain W. Otton, of the snow<sup>1</sup> *St. Paul*, of London, discovered in his passage from South Carolina, about 300 leagues west of Scilly. The record in Otton's journal was extremely minute. He gave the date and hour—March 4, 1748-9, two in the afternoon—in which he made the land. He related how it bore, how he tacked, how the wind was, and what the latitude and longitude:

<sup>1</sup> A snow is a brig.



‘This island stretches N.W. and S.E., about five leagues long and about nine miles wide. On the south side five valleys and a great number of birds. This day a ship’s masts came alongside. On the south point of said island is a small marshy island.’

As though all this should not be deemed confirmatory enough of his discovery, the Captain added that he thought he saw a tent on the island, and would have gone ashore, ‘but had unfortunately stove his boat.’ Rodney, in company with Captain Mackenzie, a distinguished mathematician, cruised for many days, but to no purpose. The island was entirely in the eye of the captain of the snow *St. Paul*. An old saint or ancient Spanish nobleman would not have let us off so easily. The comparatively modern skipper tells of an ordinary island, prosaically but liberally invites all mariners to participation in his discovery, but humanely leaves land-going imagination and curiosity unvexed. The saint or the nobleman would probably have heard the sound of viols, perhaps an organ; the hymning of a collection of monks would have been a distinguishable music; the more erotic vision of the nobleman might have witnessed lovely forms and the seductive beckoning of foam-white hands. We should have had gilded dolphins gambolling among the breakers and been tickled by a hundred more wonderful tales than Marryat’s Pasha was regaled with.

Of what material are these fantastic fabrics, real to the beholders, manufactured? Imagination is the loom, but whence comes the stuff? Yet there are many spectacles at sea which the meditative, artless fancy may easily work into creations of beauty or fear, of brilliance, melancholy, and horror. You must go back; put yourself in the place of the mariner newly arrived in an ocean-waste whose surface his keel is the first to furrow. Then think how the iceberg in the heart of the black gale will strike you: the pallid mountain-mass flashing out to the wild violet lightning dart, the vision or phantasm of a city of pinnacles, spires, minarets, with the crystal smoke of the storm whirling in clouds about its towering heights, whose ravines and scars thunder back in echoes the cannonading of the rushing surges hurling their madness upon the side of that mass of rocky faintness. Or consider the magnificence and splendour of the Northern sunset—different, indeed, from the bald glory of the sinking of the rayless tropic orb—viewed by one who, having for days stemmed towards the Pole, penetrates for the first time the wide white silence of the Greenland parallels. From those dyes of the luminary or the more amazing coruscations of the aurora borealis what shadows of

realities might not the wondering eye of the mariner evoke, observing rainbow islands reposing on seas of gold, lands of delicate effulgence and of tints too exquisitely beautiful to serve for less than the home of a race of beings whose idea and raiment must be sought in classic masterpieces in which the gods of the Greeks and the Romans are described. From the texture of the shoulders of rising clouds, from shifting veins of moonlight in the lacelike drapery of white mist, from the luminous shadow of the waterspout with its wing-shaped peak and boiling base, the new imagination far out upon the bosom of nameless waters would readily snatch material enough for those wonders of magic spaces of shore which in those times dotted the oceans of the world from the latitude of Schouten's iron headland to the height of Nova Zembla. Or, to descend to homelier stuff, omitting the mirage—perhaps the fancy's noblest opportunity on the deep—there is the ship bottom up; the inverted hulk that for months may have been washing about until she has gathered to her sodden timbers a large estate of sea-weed and marine fungi. The Telmaque Rock had undoubtedly no better foundation than this. The passengers—it was in 1786—saw green grass and moss on this rock. This settled the matter; the new island was duly logged and then charted, yet what could it prove but a capsized hull? So of the famous Ariel Rocks, which, in my humble opinion, must be put down to a dead whale or two.

‘Captain T. Dickson, of the *Ariel*, when on a voyage from Liverpool to Valparaiso, December 1827, saw something of a reddish appearance about a quarter of a mile from the vessel; sounded in 47 fathoms, fine grey sand. Approaching the object, it seemed about six feet above water, when another appeared about three feet below the surface; the sea broke on both; much seaweed and many birds around; the position was determined by good mer. alt. of sun, and by lunar and chronometric observations.’<sup>1</sup>

H.M.S. *Beagle*, with the late Dr. Darwin on board, passed several times over the position assigned to these rocks, but found nothing—yes, her people found this: ‘A heavy swell arose on the quarter, which struck our weather-quarter boat, and turned her in upon the deck . . . I thought we had indeed found the rocks, and the huge black back of a dead whale which just then showed itself very near the vessel much increased the sensation.’

In more ways than one may the mysterious disappearance of

<sup>1</sup> *South Atlantic Directory*, 1870. A long list of apocryphal islands, rocks, and shoals is given in this volume.

islands be accounted for. The sternly prosaic mariner will desire nothing in this direction that is not real, and of this as little as possible. But happily for the poetic student these disappearances stop short at the precincts of ocean literature. Enter, and the magic is all before you, perennial in its gorgeousness or terror, its sweetness of enchantment or extravagance of horror. Who would wish one of those visionary islands away? No prow built by human hands need fear them as a danger; they lie in a daylight or a midnight of their own, washed by the elfin surf of faery-land, lashed by the storms of high imagination, phantoms under phantom suns and stars, dreams of the young-eyed mariner. They are uncharted; but love has their bearings, and memory holds them fondly to their moorings. Of the sea they form the daintiest romance, and they give a colouring of poetry even to the dry and austere perpetuation of such things in these days of scientific exactness and the occasional blunders of the triumphant discoverer.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

## *The Emigration of Young Children by the State.*

THE importance of emigration has long been fully acknowledged, although not yet taken in hand by the State. There now seems some disposition to amend this error, as is shown by a proposal recently made, that an official department, to preside over all that concerns this subject, should be established. It can hardly be doubted that much good would result both to the mother country and to her largely unpeopled colonies. I am induced to offer a few suggestions of a somewhat novel kind, in the hope that they may lead either to modifications in the class of emigrants usually selected and sent out, or to supplementary measures in the direction indicated in this paper.

It may be well to state that I have been led to adopt these views after many years' experience of children and their requirements, gained as one of the Surgeons to the East London Hospital for Children at Shadwell, where some two hundred of the poorest class are seen and assisted every day in the week. It is, in a measure, true that a hospital experience is special, but it brings, better than any other, into relief and prominence the home surroundings of poor families, and it is largely on a knowledge of the latter that I base my thesis. Although some very suggestive facts might be adduced from the annual reports of the Registrar-General anent infant life and mortality, I will not enter into statistics, preferring for the present to discuss the principle rather than the details of the scheme.

Briefly stated, my argument is that, owing to poverty and stress of circumstances, an immense number of children are being bred and brought up under conditions which cost many their lives, or so materially deteriorate their health and constitutions as to render them unfit for the battle of life. Moreover, apart from the question of mere physical health—a matter,

nevertheless, of immense moment to an artisan—the home surroundings, even when not actually vicious, are far from being good, while, outside the home, crime and immorality of every sort bring their pernicious influence to bear upon these children just at the age when it is most detrimental. I am not in a position to say how many families have to content themselves with a single room; but I know, both from personal observation and from other sources, that there are many thousands whose home, night and day, is comprised within the limits of one small room. Even when work is comparatively plentiful, many thousands of labourers' families cannot aspire to more than two rooms. In either case, father, mother, and children can hardly live decently under such circumstances; and it is not to be wondered at that the moral instincts of city children are at a ruefully low level.

The increasing emigration which is going on, and has been for years, ought by this time to have done something to alleviate the condition of the working classes in the mother country at least, and yet the cry of the 'unemployed' is louder than ever. Can it be that the emigration of adults is a mistake? In a great proportion of cases I believe it is, and that herein lies the reason why so little effect seems to be made, notwithstanding the many thousands who have started for the colonies. Curiously enough, the efforts of the emigration agencies, both commercial and philanthropic, have been almost solely directed towards adults. I hold that the emigration of adults is wrong in principle, and chiefly because the majority of those who go out (often in response to special inducements offered) have been failures at home: they have no trade or useful craft to rely upon—that is to say, they are unskilled labourers, and know as little of the duties which belong to a colonist's life as, unfortunately, they know of home life and its obligations. On the other hand, they carry out with them the bad habits, the class prejudices, in which they have been born and bred. Their social position in the colonies, therefore, is in no way ameliorated, but rather the contrary. Hence they do not succeed; the utmost that can be expected is mere existence, with a continuation in their children of the same helplessness, hopelessness, and ignorance. Adults are proverbially slow to change their habits; they cannot throw off a mode of life in which they have been bred at home to adopt another which is strange to them; and, if they have failed at home, how much



more surely will they fail abroad, where everything is new and strange? I am well aware that individual exceptions may be taken to the above statements. A good carpenter, for instance, or a blacksmith would find steady employment, and be welcome in many places; and so, too, other skilled workmen. On the other hand, how much *more useful* would these skilled workmen be if, besides their trade, they knew something of colonial life? In this country, at least, the British workman is a strict specialist: he knows absolutely nothing of anything but his own trade, and very often he only knows part of a trade—that is to say, one branch of it. It is only in large cities where such men are likely to find the kind of work they understand; and I believe I am right in saying that there is no lack of skilled artisans in the larger cities and towns of our colonies. Emigrants are not wanted for the larger towns, but they are wanted to open up and populate the interior of the country, where to succeed a man must be enterprising and know a little of everything, of several trades besides his own, and of farming and of husbandry. I maintain that hitherto we have not taken up the subject of emigration in the best manner. It is hardly possible to find the requisite number of suitable emigrants ready made. It is not a mere matter of good intentions, of perseverance, or even of capital, but rather one of careful and deliberate training.

It appears to me that the emigration of young children, and their careful training, would meet every requirement. Their mere removal from the squalid surroundings in which they live at present; the improved health status which would follow, not of the emigrated children alone, but also of those who remain behind; the cure of the infantile dyscrasie (tuberculosis, rickets, scrofula, syphilis), and the consequent lowering of the present high death-rate among young children; the inculcation of habits of industry, temperance, and thrift; a suitable training in the colony where they are to live and settle, are among some of the advantages which I would claim.

I will now very briefly sketch out my plan. To be of real service, this emigration of children would have to be carried out on a large scale, and large sums of money would be required for its adequate initiation and service. It is of such a nature and scope that private enterprise and philanthropy could not adequately cope with it. The Government should undertake the scheme, with all the power and authority that the Government alone

could properly exercise, and should work it in concert with the colonial authorities. The children, either offered voluntarily or taken by the Government administration, would become the property of the State—State apprentices—and subject to it, just as soldiers are, for a certain number of years. These children would be drafted into the various colonies, and so would become acclimatised. Instead of being brought up in the back slums of towns, they would live in fresh air; instead of being demoralised by overcrowding, they would grow up like human beings; instead of want and starvation, they would have the advantage of plain and regular meals. Can it be doubted that the physique of such children would be greatly bettered?

A suitable settlement or village would be chosen by capable persons, and cottages, or huts, or shanties, with the necessary outbuildings, would have to be erected in accordance with the custom and resources of the locality. Schoolrooms, workshops, land for farming and for gardens, would also be required. The children would be divided up into families, each family having its own house and superintendent. Their education would commence at the usual age. For the great majority, reading, writing, and the simple rules of arithmetic would suffice. When old enough, the boys would be taught some trade; the girls would be taught to do housework, cook, wash, dairywork, dressmaking, and the like. All alike would be taught such things as would be useful to and in the particular colony they were living in. Of course a knowledge of agriculture would be necessary in all the colonies, and ought to be more or less universally taught. So, too, carpentering, a most essential accomplishment, and one which would prove useful to any colonist. Special aptitudes and tastes would have to be encouraged and taken up, whether intellectual or manual. I know that a certain number of children have already been sent out by private societies; but I do not hold with this. The mere sending out of children, and placing them in the families of settlers, is a poor substitute for the plan I am urging. For the most part, such children become drudges; they are taught nothing that is of any real service to them, and they are very little better off in their new homes than they were in their old ones.

Out of any given one thousand children so emigrated and trained probably some ten or twenty would grow up into first-class adults, and would make excellent heads of settlements for later batches

of children; some one hundred or more would make high-class adults, and, though they might lack the qualifications necessary for heads of settlements, would, nevertheless, make good overseers and trainers; some of the children would be good for nothing; some would die; the remainder—the rank and file—at eighteen to twenty years of age would be far better colonists in every sense of the word than any sent out promiscuously from the mother country. After a few years, the older children would be drafted further afield, and would be told off to the work involved in the foundation of new villages and in the necessary extension of the old ones; younger children would be sent out to the parent establishments. Thus a constant change would be going on. The apprenticeship completed, the emigrants would be free to do as they thought best. Many would doubtless marry, and permanently establish themselves; some would continue to work for wages at the establishments or elsewhere. As has been said, all would be taught such duties as every colonist ought to know at least something about; some would show special aptitudes for one trade or another, and might then be regularly trained to it. So with the girls. I should not urge any hard-and-fast rule of conduct, but endeavour to do justice to all. Such men and women, after a suitable training, would be as much superior to ordinary emigrant colonists as drilled soldiers are superior to the raw recruits from which they are manufactured. *Mutatis mutandis*, the results of apprenticing and training emigrants would not differ much from those of drilling our soldiers, the essential point in each case being that they are taught their duties rather than allowed to pick up their information any and everywhere. It always appears to me that those who would inculcate habits of thrift, so called, into the working classes, begin at the wrong end of life—with adults instead of with children. The poor are said to be improvident and thriftless. This is true in a sense. But what is thrift? Can a woman be thrifty, and teach thrift to her family, who has to live from hand to mouth as best she can, and on miserably insufficient means? Is not thrift a collective word, and does it not imply several distinct excellences? Can children be expected to imbibe habits of cleanliness, forethought, economy, self-respect, self-denial, content, and all the other virtues included in this word thrift, in such homes—single rooms!—as those in which so many of the poor are born, and live, and die? On the other hand, by taking children away from evil example and from evil surroundings and by training them up to be useful members of society, an

immense amount of good may be done, not to the emigrated children alone, but to the great colonies, which are so much in need of hands to develop them.

What children could be sent? Some readers will be shocked at the idea of deliberately separating children from their parents, and sending them out wholesale to the colonies as emigrants. If the homes of these children, or the home influence to which they were subjected, in any sense realised what 'home' and 'home influence' may mean to better-class children, I should be the last to urge such a plan as that now under consideration. But for children who are exposed to every sort of evil example, and whose 'home' is mostly in the London gutters, nothing but gain could result from the change. Are there parents who would voluntarily make over their children for the purposes of colonisation? I think there are many who would be only too glad, and that a great difficulty would be the selection of the most deserving and the most suitable. There are, moreover, large numbers of orphaned children who have no homes and no ties. I should object to the sending out of young criminals, though the young children of criminals would be most suitable subjects for enforced emigration, with or without their parents' consent. Indeed, if criminal offences deprived the criminals of the rights of guardianship and control over their children, a powerful weapon would be placed in the hands of the law. At present, what becomes of the children of convicts, and what chance have they in the battle of life? If there existed a colonising department, with authority to take possession of such children of criminals as they might choose to select, some few, at least, would be rescued from their otherwise hopeless condition.

One of the essentials of the plan now under consideration is that *young* children only should be selected, before untoward surroundings have had time to undermine the health, or blunt the moral sense—before evil habits have been acquired. For this purpose, children of about two to five years of age would be the most suitable, and, with a view to the greater usefulness of the scheme, children from the largest families should have preference. Nor would the advantages of such a scheme rest mainly or solely with those sent out. If this emigration were carried out on a sufficient scale, those who remain behind would have more room; there would be greater chances of finding employment, there would be less overcrowding. The parents, relieved of one or two of their

children, would be better able to do something like justice to the remainder. It will be asked whether such a scheme would not encourage ill-considered marriages. Do the present conditions discourage these marriages? Do not young men and women, neither of whom has any means, or trade, or even regular employment, marry notwithstanding, apparently indifferent to the fact that children may be born to them, for whom they can provide but the barest necessities of life even when wages are attainable? This is one of the fruits of their own bringing up. They have never known any other conditions, and they not unnaturally lack the ambition to improve on what seems to them the natural order of things.

Would the cost of carrying out such a scheme, even on a large scale, be very great? Compared with the expense incurred by the Poor Law Boards for the relief of paupers, a small sum would suffice. But while the former progressively increases and provides only for present needs, the emigration and training of children would in time to come be a profitable undertaking to the State, both at home and in the colonies. It would soon mean, very largely, a transfer of expenditure from one department to another—that is to say, the establishment of industrial schools on a very large scale in the colonies, where population is wanted, where land and living are comparatively cheap, where fresh air is abundant, in lieu of workhouses, workhouse infirmaries, and schools on a limited scale at home, where land and living are very dear, where overcrowding exists, and where the social surroundings are such that children cannot be taught what is useful and good, without, from their tenderest years upwards, being involuntarily exposed to learn (by example) much that is debasing and bad.

As a surgeon, I cannot refrain from pointing out the immense advantages likely to accrue to the little *émigrés* from the proposed change of locality, from their overcrowded homes and streets to the bracing air of the colonies. Large numbers of these children have inherited debilities and tendencies to disease which, unless counteracted, will make them constitutionally weak throughout life. Rickets and scrofula are diseases of this kind, and are the direct outcome of long-continued unsanitary influences. These diseases are yearly becoming more and more dominant among the children of the working classes, notwithstanding the immense services rendered by the children's hospitals, now scattered through the country. Any plan which helps to segregate the population



of our manufacturing towns will have a favourable effect on these diseases, and therefore on the working classes as a body. There will be fewer deaths and less sickness among the children, and fewer weakly men and women to marry and transmit weakly tendencies to their offspring. When we bear in mind the immense importance of robust health to the artisan classes, it must be conceded that the subject is a very large one, and a very pressing one, and that it merits a graver consideration at the hands of the Legislature than it has yet received.

To recapitulate; this plan, if adequately carried out, would relieve us of some of the surplus population of our large towns, while it would supply that which is essential to the development of the colonies—emigrants; not an overflow of tradeless, helpless, vagrant adults, but young children capable of being taught to become useful citizens. It would thus develop, in the best sense and in the best manner, our colonies, thousands of square miles of which are lying unproductive for the want of hands and heads to make them actively productive. To the advantages of giving these children a good education suitable for emigrants to the colonies would be added the advantages of placing the children beyond the reach of the evil communications which corrupt good manners.

ROBERT WILLIAM PARKER.

## *Claude Tyack's Ordeal.*

### I.

CLAUDE TYACK was the tallest and handsomest man of my time at Harvard. And when I saw him walking one day with Elsie Marple through the college avenue, I felt really and truly jealous about Elsie.

Those were the dear old days before the war, and Professor Marple then taught Greek to freshmen and sophomores in Cambridge lecture-halls. Elsie was still the belle of Cambridge, and I was Elsie's favoured admirer. But that afternoon, when I met Elsie a little later, alone, by the old Law School, near the Agassiz Museum, I was half-angry with her for talking to Tyack. She blushed as I came up, and I put the wrong interpretation on her blushes. 'Elsie,' I said, for I called her even then by her Christian name, 'that fellow Claude's been here walking with you!'

She looked me full in the face with her big brown eyes, and answered softly, 'He has, Walter, and I'm very sorry for him.'

'Sorry for him!' I cried, somewhat hot in the face. 'Why sorry? What's he been doing or saying that you should be sorry for?'

I spoke roughly, I suppose. I was young, and I was angry. Elsie turned her big brown eyes upon me once more and said only, 'I'm *very* sorry for him. Poor, poor fellow! I'm very sorry.'

'Elsie,' I answered, 'you've no right to speak so about any other fellow. Tyack's been making love to you. I'm sure of that. Why did you let him? You're mine now, and I claim the whole of you.'

To my great surprise, Elsie suddenly burst into tears, and walked away without answering me anything. I was hot and uncomfortable, but I let her go. I didn't even try in any way to stop her or ask her why she should cry so strangely. I only

knew, like a foolish boy as I was, that my heart was full of wrath and resentment against Tyack.

That evening I met him again in the dining-hall—the old hall on the college square that preceded the big memorial building we of the Harvard brigade set up long afterwards in honour of the Boys who fell in the great struggle.

I looked at him angrily and spoke angrily. After hall we went out together into the cool air. Tyack was flushed and still angrier than I. 'You want to triumph over me,' he said in a fierce way, as we reached the door. 'That is mean and ungenerous. You might do better. In your place I would have more magnanimity.'

I didn't know what on earth he meant, but my hot French blood boiled up at once—the Ponsards came over with the first Huguenot refugees in the *Evangile* to New England—and I answered hastily, 'No man calls me mean for nothing. Blow follows word with men of my sort, Tyack. Insult me again, and you know what you'll get for it.'

'You are a fool and a coward,' he cried through his clenched teeth. 'No gentleman would so treat a conquered rival. Isn't it enough that you have beaten me and crushed me? Need you dance upon me and kick my corpse afterwards?'

I don't know what I answered back. I failed to understand him still, but I saw he was furious, and I only felt the angrier for that; but I struck him in the face, and I told him if he wished it to be open war, war it should be with no quarter.

I could hardly believe my eyes when he drew himself up to his full height and without uttering a word stalked haughtily off, his face purple with suppressed wrath, and his lips quivering, but self-controlled and outwardly calm in his gait and movement. I thought he must be going to challenge me—in those days duelling was not yet utterly dead even in the North—and I waited for his note with some eagerness; but no challenge ever came. I never saw Claude Tyack again till I met him in the Second Connecticut regiment, just before the battle of Chatteraugus.

Late that night I went round to the Marples', trembling with excitement, and after our easy American fashion asked at the door to see Miss Elsie. Elsie came down to me alone in the dining-room; her eyes were still a little swollen with crying, but she looked even lovelier and gentler than ever. I asked her what had passed between her and Tyack, and she told me in

simple words a story that, angry as I was, sent a thrill of regret and remorse through my inmost being. Tyack had come up to her that afternoon in the elm avenue, she said, and after gently leading up to it by half-hints, whose meaning she never perceived till afterwards, had surprised her at last by asking her outright to be his wife and make him happy for ever and ever. Elsie was so breathless at this unexpected declaration that she had not even presence of mind to tell him at once of our virtual engagement; and Tyack seeing her hesitate and temporise, went on begging her in the profoundest terms of love and affection, till her woman's heart was touched with pity. 'He said he could never know another happy moment,' she whispered, 'unless I would have him, Walter; and as he said it I knew by his eyes he really meant it.'

'And what did you answer?' I asked in an agony of doubt, my heart misgiving me for my anger that evening.

'I said to him, "Oh, Mr. Tyack, I know you mean it, and if it weren't that I love Walter Ponsard with all my soul, I think out of very pity I should have to marry you.'

'You said that,' I cried, the devil within me getting the better of me for a moment.

'Yes, Walter, I said that. And Mr. Tyack gave a sort of low, suppressed, sobbing cry, like a man whose heart is thrust through, I should think, and pressed his two hands hard upon his bosom and staggered away as if I had shot him.'

'Elsie,' I said, taking her white hand in mine in a fit of remorse, 'I understand it all now. I hope to heaven we haven't, between us, sent that man Tyack to blow his brains out, or jump into the river.'

When I got back to my rooms at a little past midnight I found a note lying on my table. I took it up and read it eagerly. This is what it said:—

'WALTER PONSARD,—You have treated me brutally. No honourable man would act as you have done. Yet, for her sake, I refrain from returning the blow you gave me. But whenever my own turn comes, without hurting her, trust me, you will find you have provoked a dangerous enemy.

'CLAUDE TYACK.'

I breathed freer. Then he would not kill himself. I didn't

mind his threat of vengeance, but I should have been sorry to bear the guilt of his blood upon me.

Next morning, Tyack had gone from Cambridge, and nobody knew where he had betaken himself.

## II.

Before Chattawauga, I was passing through camp, in my uniform as a sergeant in the Harvard battalion of the Third Massachusetts, when I saw an orderly coming from Holditch's regiment, with a note for the general from Colonel Holditch. He wore the grey stuff, with blue facing, of the Second Connecticut. We recognised each other at the first glance. It was Claude Tyack.

Everybody in the North volunteered in those days, and some of us who volunteered rose fast to be field officers, while others of us, equally well born and bred, remained in the ranks for months together. Tyack and I were among the residuum. He glanced at me curtly and passed on. I somehow felt, I don't know why, that the hour of his revenge could not be far distant.

I sat down in my tent that night and wrote to Elsie. It was Elsie who had wished me to volunteer. I wrote to her whenever an occasion offered. A mail was going that evening from the field. I told her all about the expected battle, but I said never a word about poor Tyack.

Just as we were turning in for the night, a United States mail was distributed to the detachment. I opened my letter from Elsie with trembling fingers. She wrote, as ever, full of fears and hopes. A little postscript ended the letter. 'I hear,' she said, 'that poor Claude Tyack is with you in Burnside's division. I shall never cease to be sorry for him. If possible, try and make your quarrel up before the battle. I couldn't bear to think he might be killed, and you unforgiven.'

I sat long with the letter in my hand. A battle is a very serious thing. If Tyack had been there in the tent that evening I think I should have taken Elsie's advice and made it all up with him. And then things would have been very different.

As I sat there musing, with the letter still in my fingers, the drum beat suddenly, and we heard the signal for forming battalion. It was the night surprise: Whelock and Bonséjour were upon us suddenly.

Everybody knows what Chattawauga was like. We fought



hard, but the circumstances were against the Harvard battalion. Though Burnside held his own in the centre, to be sure, the right wing had a bad time of it; and seventy-two of us Harvard Boys were taken prisoners. I am not writing a history of the war—I leave that to *Harper's* and the *Century*—so I shall only say, without attempting to explain it, that we were marched off at once to Bonséjour's rear, and sent by train next day to Richmond. There we remained for five months, close prisoners, without one word from home, and, what to me was ten thousand times worse, without possibility of communicating with Elsie. Elsie, no doubt, would think I was dead. That thought alone was a perpetual torture to me. Would Tyack take advantage of my absence? Elsie was mine: I knew I could trust her.

At the end of five months the other men were released on parole. They offered me the same terms, but I refused to accept them. It seemed to me a question of principle. I had pledged my word already to fight to the death for my country, and I couldn't forswear myself by making terms with rebels. We of the old New England stock took a serious view of the war and its meaning: we didn't look upon it as a vast national armed picnic party. Even for Elsie's sake, I would not consent to purchase a useless freedom by what I regarded as a public treachery. I could not have loved Elsie so much, 'loved I not honour more,' as the poet of our common country phrases it.

I was left the only prisoner in the old barracks in Clay Street, Richmond, and of course I was accordingly but little guarded. A few weeks later an opportunity occurred for me to get away. A wounded soldier from the front, straggling in by himself from the entrenchments, fainted opposite the Clay Street Barracks, and was hastily brought in and put to bed there, the hospital accommodation in the city being already more than overcrowded. In the dusk of evening I conveyed his clothes to my own room, and next day I put them on, a tattered and bloodstained Confederate uniform. Then, having shaved off my beard with a piece of hoop-iron, well sharpened against a hone, I passed out boldly before the very eyes of the lounging sentry, and made my way across the streets of the half-beleaguered city. I waited till nightfall in the rotunda of the Exchange Hotel in Franklin Street, where men sat and smoked and discussed the news; and when the lamps began to be lighted around the State Capitol, I slunk off along the riverside, so as to avoid being hailed and challenged by the sentries, who held all the approaches from the direction of Washington.

In those days, I need hardly say, strong lines of earthworks were drawn around Richmond city on the north, east, and west, where Lee was defending it; and it was only along the river southward that any road was left fairly open into the country. I went by the river bank, therefore, onward and onward, till the city lights faded slowly one by one into the darkness behind me. I passed a few soldiers here and there on the road, but my Confederate uniform sufficiently protected me from any unfavourable notice. If any of them hailed me with a 'Hullo, stranger! where are you off this time of evening?' my answer was easy, 'Straight from the front. Sick leave. Just discharged from hospital in Lee's division.' Southern chivalry nodded and passed on without further parley. I was going, in fact, in the wrong direction for many questions to be asked me in passing. Everybody from the South was hurrying up to the front: a wounded soldier, straggling homeward, attracted then but little attention.

I walked on and on, always along the bank of the dark river, till I had almost reached the point where the Appomatox falls into the James. I wanted to reach the Northern lines, and to get to them I must somehow cross the river. It was pitch dark now, a moonless night in early December, and even in Virginia the water at that season was almost ice-cold in the tidal estuary. But I knew I must swim it, sooner or later, and the sooner I tried it the better were my chances. I had eaten nothing since leaving the barracks, and I should probably get nothing to eat until I reached Burnside's army. To-night, therefore, I was comparatively strong: the longer I delayed, the weaker would my muscles grow with hunger. To lie out all night on the ground in the cold is not the best way of preparing oneself for swimming a mile's width of chilly river. Besides, I was almost certain to be observed in the daytime, and shot like a dog, by the one side as a spy, or by the other as a deserter. My only chance lay in trying it by night, so I plunged in boldly just as I found myself.

I shall never forget that awful swim in the dead of night across the tidal water of the James river. The stars were shining dimly overhead through the valley mist, and by the aid of the Great Bear (for I did not know the pole-star then) I swam roughly in what I took to be a general north-eastward direction towards the shore opposite. In a hundred yards or so the southern bank became quite invisible, and I could not hope to see the northern until I had come within about the same distance of it. All the rest of the way I swam by the aid of the stars alone, so far as

guidance or compass went, and this compelled me to keep my eyes straining pretty steadily upward, and to hold my head in a most difficult and unnatural position on the surface of the water. The ice-cold stream chilled my frozen limbs, and the gloom and the silence overawed and appalled me.

I don't know how long I took swimming across; time in such circumstances cannot be measured by mere minutes. I only know it seemed to me then a whole eternity. Stroke after stroke, I swam mechanically on, each movement of my thighs coming harder and harder. My trousers impeded my movement terribly; and though I had thrown off my coat on the further bank, to leave the arms free, the boots which I had tied around my neck made swimming more difficult, and weighted my head from observing my star-guides. Still I went on and on in a dogged fashion, my limbs moving as if by clockwork. I must have been nearly three-quarters of the way across when I became aware of a new terror unexpectedly confronting me. My eyes had been fixed steadily upon the stars, so I had not noticed it before; and the noiseless working of the little screw had escaped my ears even in that ghastly silence. But, casting a hasty glance down the river sideways, I noticed all at once, with a thrill of horror, that a small steam launch, making up stream, was almost upon me. I knew immediately what she must be—the launch of the *Rapahannock*, Confederate ironclad, on her way up from Chesapeake Bay to the quays at Richmond.

I must live it out, to get back to Elsie. That was the one thought that made up my whole being, as I lay there motionless, floating on the still water, numbed with cold, and half-dead with my exertions.

I dared not move lest the launch should see, by the dancing reflection of her light on the rippled waves I made, there was something astir ahead, and should give me chase and capture me as a deserter. I floated like a log on the silent surface, and waited with upturned face and closed eyes for the launch to pass by me—or run over me.

As I floated I heard her screw draw nearer and nearer. I wondered whether I lay direct in her course. If so, no help for it; she must run me down. It was safer so than to swim away and attract attention.

I turned my eyes sideways and opened them cautiously as the noise came close. By Heavens, yes! She was heading straight for me!

At Harvard I had always been a good diver. I dived now, noiselessly and imperceptibly: it would almost be truer to say, I let myself go under without conscious movement. The water closed above my face at once. I seemed to feel something glide above me. I was dimly aware of the recoil from the screw. I shut my eyes once more, and held my breath in my full chest. Next instant I was whirled by the after-current back to the surface in the wake of the screw, and saw the white stars still shining above me.

'Something black on the water,' shouted a voice behind. 'Otter, I take it; or might be a nigger, contraband bound North. Whichever it is, I'll have a cock-shot at it, captain, anyway.'

I dived again at the word, half-dead with cold and fear; and even as I dived felt rather than heard the thud and hiss of a rifle-bullet ricochetting on the water, just at the very point where my head had rested an instant earlier.

'Otter!' the voice said again as I reached the surface, numbed and breathless, more dead than alive, and afraid to let anything but my mouth and ears rise above the black level of the water. And the steam-launch moved steadily on her way without waiting to take any further notice of me.

The danger was past once more for the moment, but I was too exhausted to swim any further, deadened in my limbs with cold as I was, and cramped with my exertions. I could only float face upward on my back, and soon became almost senseless from exposure. Every now and again, indeed, consciousness seemed to return fitfully for a moment, and I struck out in blind energy with my legs, I knew not in what direction; but for the most part I merely floated like a log down stream, allowing myself to be carried resistlessly before the sluggish current.

As day broke I revived a little. I must then have been at least three hours in the ice-cold water. I saw land within a hundred yards of me. With one despairing final effort, I know not how, I struck out with my legs like galvanised limbs, and made for it—for land and Elsie.

Would Federal pickets be guarding the shore? That was now my next anxiety. If so, my doom was sealed. They would challenge me at once, and, as I could not give the countersign, would shoot me down without a thought or a question as a spy from Richmond.

Fortunately the shore was here unguarded; below Mitchell's redoubt, indeed, attack from southward was always held impossible.

I dragged myself on land, over the muddy tidal flat, and found myself in the midst of that terrible, desolate, swampy region known as the Wilderness, the scene of the chief early conflicts in the struggle for disruption, and of the battlefields where Lee and Stonewall Jackson stood at bay like wounded tigers.

When I came to realise my actual plight I began to feel what a fool I had been to run away from Richmond. I sat there on the bank, frozen and wet, dripping from head to foot, my soaked boots hanging useless round my neck, my blood chilled, my limbs shivering, my heart almost dead, and yet with a terrible sense of fever in my cold lips, and a fierce throbbing in my aching head. I had no food, and no chance of getting any. Around me stretched that broken marshy country, alternating between pine-barrens and swampy bottoms. Scouts and pickets held the chief points everywhere: to show myself before them in my wet and ragged Confederate uniform would be to draw fire at a moment's notice. What to do I had no conception: I merely sat there, my head in my hands, and waited, and waited, and waited still, till the sun was high up in the blank-blue heavens.

I won't describe the eight days of speechless agony that followed in the Wilderness. I wandered up and down through scrub and pine-woods, not daring at first to show myself openly; and then, when hunger and fatigue at last conquered my fear, not knowing where to look for the Federal outposts. Night after night I lay upon the bare ground, in the highest and driest part of the wild pine-barrens, and saw the cold stars shining above, and heard the whip-poor-will scream shrill overhead in the thick darkness. It was an awful time: I dare not trust myself even now to recall it too vividly. If it had not been for the wild persimmon trees, indeed, I might have starved in that terrible week. But luckily the persimmons were very plentiful; and though a man can't live on them for ever with absolute comfort, they will serve to keep body and soul together somehow for a longer time than any other wild berry or fruit I know of.

At last, on the eighth morning, as I lay asleep on the ground, wearied and feverish, I felt myself rudely shaken by a rough hand, and, opening my eyes with a start, saw to my joy the Northern uniform on the three men who stood around me.

'Spy!' the sergeant said, briefly. 'Tie his hands, O'Grady. Lift him up. March him before you.'

I told them at once I was a soldier in the Harvard Battalion, escaped from Richmond; but of course they didn't and couldn't



believe me. My Confederate uniform told too false a story. However, I was far too weak to march, and the men carried me, one of them going on to get me food and brandy; for, spy or no spy, one thing was clear past all doubting, that I was so faint and ill with hunger and exposure that to make me walk would have been sheer cruelty.

'Take him to headquarters,' my captor or my rescuer said, in a short voice, as soon as I had eaten and drunk greedily the bread and meat and brandy the first man had brought up for me.

They carried me to headquarters and brought me up before three officers. The officers questioned me closely and incredulously. They would hear nothing of my being a Federal prisoner. The uniform alone was enough to condemn me. 'Take him away and search him,' they said peremptorily. The sergeant took me to a tent and searched me; and found nothing.

I knew then what would happen next. They would try me by a rude rough-and-ready court-martial, and hang me for a spy that very morning.

As I marched out from the sergeant's tent again, absolutely despondent with fatigue and fever, an officer in a major's uniform strolled casually towards us. Promotion was often quick in those days. The major, I saw at a glance, was Claude Tyack.

He stopped and gazed at me sternly for a moment. Not a muscle of his face stirred or quivered. 'Sergeant,' he said, in a cold unconcerned tone, eyeing me from head to foot, 'who's your prisoner?'

'One of Lee's spies,' the sergeant answered, carelessly. 'Took him this morning out on the Wilderness. Fourth we've taken this week anyhow. The Rebs are getting kinder desperate, I reckon.'

I looked Claude Tyack back in the face. He knew me perfectly, but never for one instant quailed or faltered. 'What will you do with him? Shoot him?' he inquired.

'String him up,' the sergeant replied, with a quiet grin.

I stood still and said nothing.

They took me back and held a short informal drumhead court-martial. It all occupied five minutes. A man's life counts for so little in war time. I was half-dead already, and never listened to it. The bitterness of death was past for me long ago. I stood bolt upright, my arms folded desperately in front, and faced Claude Tyack without ever flinching. Claude Tyack, who only looked on as a mere spectator, faced me in return, mute and white, in solemn expectation.

'Do you admit you are a spy?' the presiding officer asked me.

'No,' I replied, 'I am a Federal prisoner from Richmond, late sergeant in the Massachusetts contingent.'

'Can you get anyone to identify you?'

'In Burnside's division—yes; hundreds.'

The presiding officer smiled grimly. 'Burnside's division is a long way off now,' he said calmly. 'It moved a month ago. We can't bring men all the way from Kentucky, you know, to look at you.'

I bowed my head. It mattered little. I was too wearied out to fight for life any longer. I only thought of Elsie's misery.

Then I became aware that Claude Tyack had joined the ring a little closer, and was looking at me with fixed and rigid attention.

'Nobody nearer?' the officer asked.

I kept my eyes riveted on Tyack's. I could not appeal to him; not even for Elsie. He would not help me. I never knew till that moment I was a thought-reader; but in Tyack's face I read it all—all he was thinking as it passed through his mind: read it, and felt certain I read it correctly.

If he allowed me to be shot then and there, he would not only wipe out old scores, but would also in time marry Elsie.

I saw those very words passing rapidly through his angry mind—'If it weren't that I love Walter Ponsard with all my soul, I think, Mr. Tyack, for very pity I should have to marry you.'

She would have to marry him! He would go back, certain of my death; he would tell her all, save this one episode; he would plead hard, as he had pleaded before; and then, for pity, Elsie would marry him!

Our eyes met still; I returned his stare: tall and pale he stood confronting me: he gloated over my misfortune: we spoke never a word to one another; and yet, we two men knew perfectly in our own hearts each what the other was thinking.

There was a deadly pause. The presiding officer waited patiently. The words seemed to stick in my throat. I moistened my lips with my tongue, and wetted my larynx by swallowing. Then I said slowly, 'Nobody nearer.'

The presiding officer waited again. Clearly he was loth himself to condemn a man so weak and ill as I was. At last he cleared his throat nervously, and turned to the court with an inquiring gesture.

Then Claude Tyack took three paces forward and stood before

him. The man seemed taller and paler than ever. Great drops of sweat gathered on his brow. His lips and nostrils quivered with emotion. A frightful struggle was going on within him. The demon of revenge—just revenge, if revenge is ever just—for an undeserved insult—I recognised that—fought for mastery in his soul with right and mercy. ‘I need not identify him,’ he cried aloud, clasping his two hands one over the other, and talking as in a dream. ‘I am not called to give evidence. He has never asked me!’

‘I will never ask you,’ I replied with dogged despair. ‘You have found me, oh my enemy! I have wronged you bitterly. I know it, and regret it. I will ask your forgiveness, but never your mercy.’

Claude Tyack held up his hands, like a child, to his face. He was a rugged man now, though still young and handsome; but the tears rolled slowly, very slowly, one after another, down his bronzed cheeks. ‘You shall have my mercy,’ he answered at last with a groan, ‘because you do not ask it; but never, never, never, my forgiveness. For Elsie’s sake, I cannot let her lover be shot for a traitor.’

The presiding officer caught at it all as if by instinct. ‘You know this man, Major Tyack?’ he asked quietly.

‘I know him, Colonel Sibthorpe.’

‘Who is he?’

The words came as if from the depths of the grave. ‘Walter Ponsard, sergeant of the Harvard battalion Third Massachusetts infantry, Burnside’s division. He was missing seven months ago, after Chattawauga.’

‘The name and description he gave himself. That is quite sufficient. The prisoner is discharged. Sergeant Ponsard, you shall be taken care of. Tyack, a word with you.’

### III.

When I next was conscious, I found myself lying in hospital at Washington. Elsie, in a nurse’s dress, was leaning over my bed. She kissed me on the forehead. ‘How about Tyack?’ I asked eagerly.

‘Hush, hush!’ she whispered, soothing my cheek with her hand. ‘You mustn’t talk, darling. The fever has been terrible. We never thought your life would be spared for me.’

‘But Tyack!’ I cried, ‘I *must* hear of him! He hasn’t shot

himself? His face was so terrible! I could never live if I thought I had killed him.'

'He is there,' Elsie whispered, pointing with her hand to the adjoining bed. 'Wounded the very next day in the fight at Fredericksburg. I have nursed you both. Hush, now, hush, darling!'

I said no more, but cried silently. I was glad his blood was not on my head. If he died now, he died for his country, in the only just war ever waged on this world of ours. He had had his ordeal, and passed through it like a man and a soldier.

Late that night I heard a noise and bustle at my bedside. Somebody was talking low and earnestly. I turned round on my side and listened. Elsie was standing by Tyack's bed, and holding his hand tenderly in hers. I knew why and was not surprised at her.

'Elsie, Elsie,' he said in a tremulous tone, 'press me tighter. It will not be long now. I feel it creeping over me. Is Ponsard conscious?'

I sat up in my bed with delirious strength, in spite of Elsie, and cried aloud in a clear voice, 'Tyack, I hear you.'

'Ponsard,' he said, turning his eyes and, without moving his neck, looking across at me, 'I said once I would never forgive you. I am sorry I said so. If there is anything to forgive, I forgive it freely. . . . Before I die, give me your hand, Walter!'

He had never called me Walter before. The hot tears rose fast in my eyes. Feeble and ill as I was, I sprang from my bed. Elsie clasped my left hand tight and flung the coarse coverlet loosely around me. I sat on the edge of Tyack's bed, and grasped his hand hard in my other. Elsie laid hers over both. She kissed me tenderly with her trembling lips; then she bent down and kissed the dying man too on his white forehead. His hand relaxed; his lips quivered: 'Elsie, good-bye!' he said slowly; and all was over.

Elsie flung her arms wildly around my neck. 'He saved your life, my darling,' she cried. 'Walter, I hoped I might have saved his for him.'

'It is better so, Elsie,' I answered with an effort; and then I fell back fainting beside him.

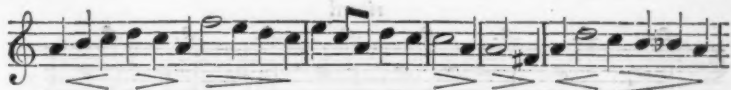
GRANT ALLEN.

## On Melody in Speech.

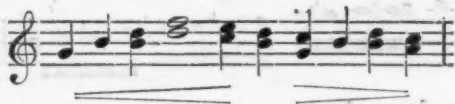
BY F. WEBER, RESIDENT ORGANIST OF THE GERMAN CHAPEL  
ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

THERE is an infinite variety of interesting and pleasing sounds in Nature's music around us, that may be noted by an attentive ear; these sounds are mostly melodious and harmonious, or in some harmonious connection, and form exact intervals and chords.

The wind in passing over houses, over trees, in gardens, fields, and forests, produces beautiful sounds of every variety, swelling from the softest to the loudest in majestic grandeur. On a stormy morning in town I heard the wind sing this melody over the roof of the house :



and on a similar night at Boulogne I copied the following passage that was wailing through the house in beautiful *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, and in many repetitions :



Thunder strikes us with awe by its deep rolling tones ; a storm or gale<sup>1</sup> on land or on the ocean sends forth fierce and sublime sounds, rushing from the lowest to the highest pitch ; the stately

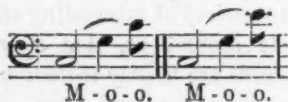
<sup>1</sup> A *gale* in old Saxon and English means also a song, and with the bold seakings of old may also have had this meaning—a song on the ocean. *Gale* in Danish means 'to crow': *Hanen galer*, the cock crows. Other relatives, the English to *cail* and the German *Kehle*, throat, the organ of song.



flow of a great river sings an everlasting deep organ-point, while the lively brook sings melodiously, and modulates like human speech.

The suspended wires of an electric telegraph, when vibrated by a strong wind, produce touching and wailing sounds and chords over a whole country, like so many *Æolian* harps of sweet and sad sounds that may, from solemn strains and most perfect ideal harmonies, rise in an indescribable and inimitable *crescendo*, higher and higher, to moans and discords, and with the abating wind return to harmony.

All the animals on land, quadrupeds and bipeds, have their characteristic voices and calls in distinct intervals. Of our domestic animals the cow gives a perfect fifth and octave or tenth :



The dog barks in a fifth or fourth :



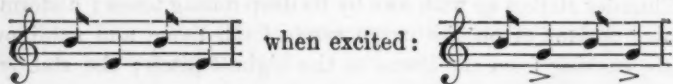
The donkey in coarse voice brays in a perfect octave :



The horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale :



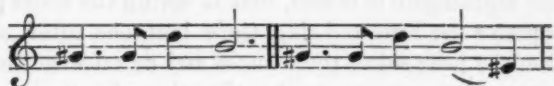
The cat in a meek mood cries :



and at night on the roof or in the garden may howl over an extended compass, and at times give cries like those of an infant.

The hens, geese, and ducks in a farmyard chatter in pleasing

chorus, and proud chanticleer crows piercing solos between, in the diminished triad and seventh chord :



The birds in bushes and trees, in gardens and woods, sing most beautiful tones in exact intervals, even in melodious chords and in measured time. In passing a garden in the south-west of London on a summer's afternoon, I noted the following tones of different birds in a few minutes :



Animals of the same species vary in their musical gift, as they do in other points. Some animals are very fond of music and greatly affected by it, while others are insensible or quite averse to it; of the former the horse has already in remote antiquity been mentioned for its joy at the sound of the trumpet, as we read in the book of Job (xxxix. 25). Shakespeare also says in his 'Merchant of Venice' :

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music.

A touching proof of this old truth was given in the late Franco-German war, when, in the evening after the battle of Gravelotte, on the trumpet signal for the roll-call of the Life Guards more than three hundred riderless horses, some of them wounded and

hobbling on three legs, answered the well-known sounds and mustered with the remnant of their regiment.

Of the nightingale it is said, that in spring the males perch on a tree opposite the hens and sing their best one after another; whereupon the hens select their mates and fly off with them.

The intervals we observe most in the voices of animals are fifths, octaves, and thirds, and also fourths and sixths.

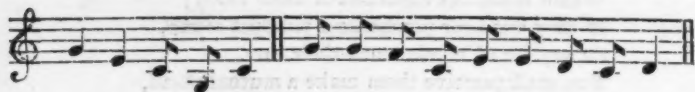
In inanimate sounding bodies, as in church bells, in the larger strings of the piano, in the *Æolian* harp (or wind harp), the fifth and tenth (or third in the next higher octave), commonly called *harmonics*, are very distinctly heard towards the end of the principal sound.

The *human voice* in speaking uses also these intervals foremost, but it moves also over most of the other intervals in melodious and harmonious combinations. We speak in melodies and harmonies, improvising them by the impulse of our thoughts and feelings over an extent or compass of one and a half to two octaves; as every plant grows with a certain colour, so every sentence is spoken in some melody which rises in sympathy with the sense and sentiment of the words, giving character to the whole sentence; and from the quality and accent of this musical investment, the truth and sincerity of the words may be felt, and the character of the speaker be traced.

Sentences are spoken in a certain musical key, and are mostly begun on the fifth or dominant of the scale of the key-note, from which they descend in seconds or thirds or other intervals to the key-note, and, may be, down to the lower dominant:



Good morn-ing to you all. What a fine day we have now a-gain.



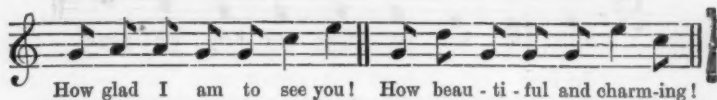
How are you to-day? Will you come and dine with me to-day

Or they begin on the key-note and move to the dominant:

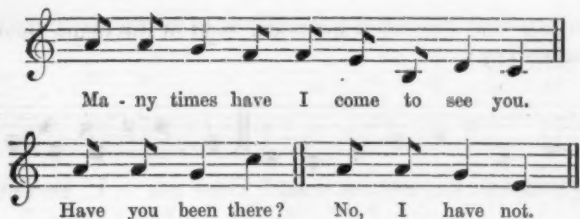


I hope you are now quite well a-gain.

Or they ascend from the dominant to the octave, and to the ninth and tenth:

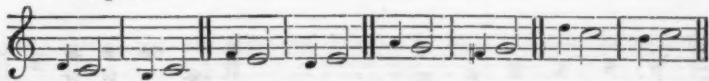


Many expressions are begun on the sixth as on a leading tone to the dominant:



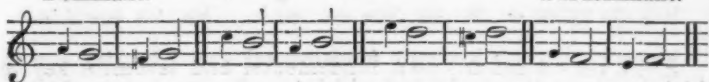
The voice moves mostly up and down in the principal scale and chord, and in their relative harmonies, and frequently dwells on introducing tones from above or below to a tone of any of these chords:

Principal chords.



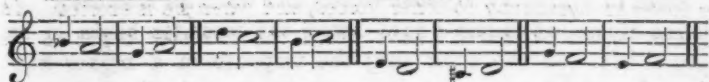
Dominant.

Subdominant.



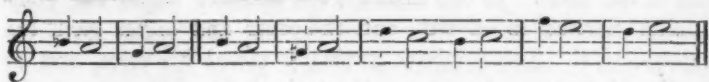
Subdominant.

D minor.



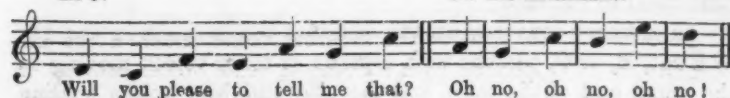
D minor.

A minor.

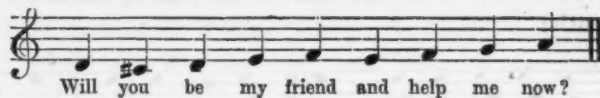


In C.

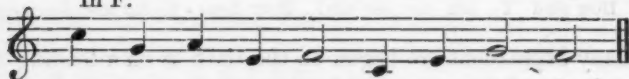
On the dominant.



In D minor.



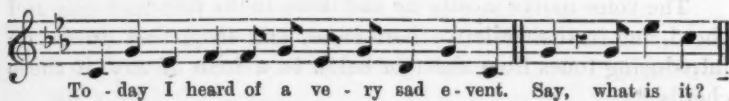
In F.



Common conversation is generally held in the major mode, and in the same key:



But when sad and pathetic it is in minor:



An unfriendly reply is mostly in an unrelated key:

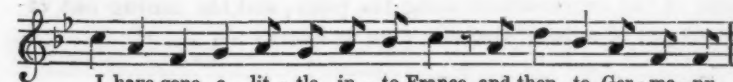
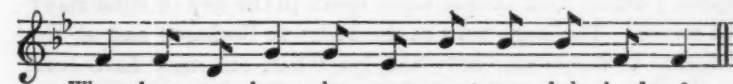
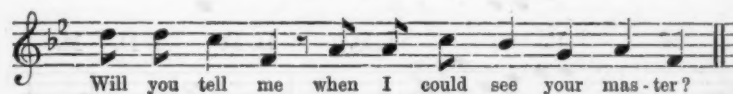
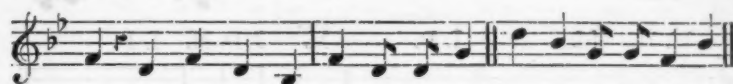
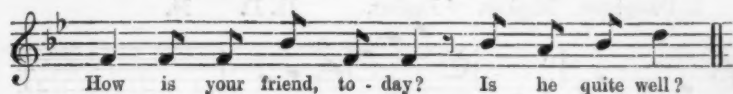


Every person has his own fundamental and favourite key in which he generally speaks, but which he often transposes higher or lower in sympathy to other voices, and when he is excited. In Divine Service at church I have heard the minister begin in his natural key, and the choir sing the response in a higher key; when the minister, possessing a musical ear, gradually rose to the tone of the choir. In one instance the minister began the Communion Service in E flat, and the choir and organ gave the response in F. The minister gradually raised his voice, and by the Fourth Commandment met the tone of the choir, wherein he continued to the end.

In ordinary conversation the different voices speak in the key of B flat, B, or C, persons with soprano or tenor voices moving in the upper part of the scale, and the alto and bass voices holding

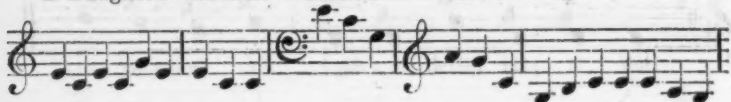


to the lower part of the same, and the replies turning often to the dominant or subdominant:

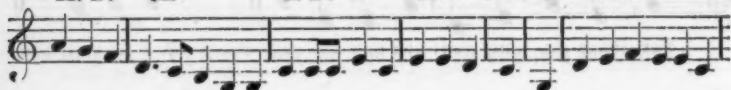


Conversation in a railway train, of father, mother, and two daughters:

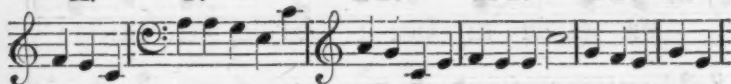
I. Daughter. Mother. Father. II. D. M.



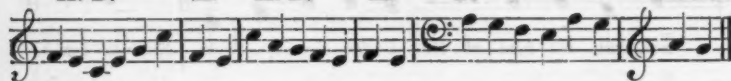
II. D. M. I. D. M. I. D. M. I. D.



M. F. I. D. II. D. I. D. M.



II. D. M. II. D. M. F. II. D.



Boy. Mother. Boy.



No, no.

Mother. Other woman. Mother.



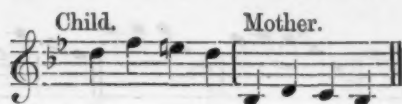
No, no, come on. Good-bye. Good - bye. Good-bye.

In a recent journey from Calais to Boulogne, Amiens, and Reims, I found most people there speak in the key of B flat major and minor. The large bells at the belfry at Boulogne and at the cathedral at Reims also have the low B flat, and may have been cast in that tone to be in unison with the voice of the people. Some of the conversations along the route, and the calling out of the names of railway stations, were as follows:—

Two women on Boulogne Pier.

I. II. I. II. I. II.





Two men.

I.

II.

I.



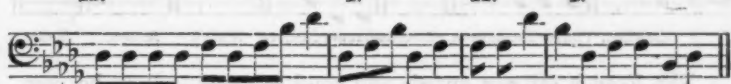
mais je ne crois pas.

II.

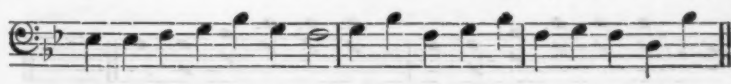
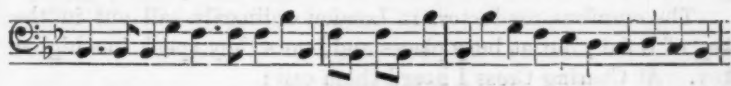
I.

II.

I.

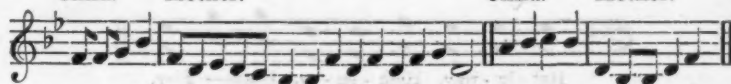


point du tout.



Child. Mother.

Child. Mother.

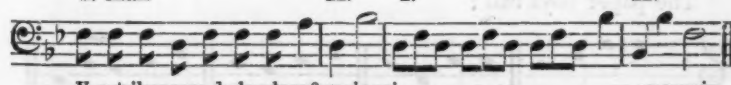


I. Man

II.

I.

II.



Y a-t-il encore de la place? mais oui

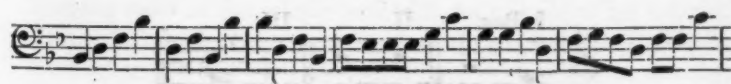
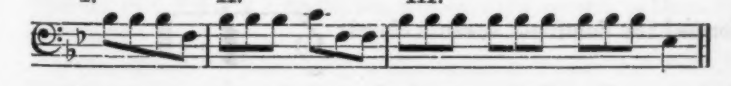
au revoir.

At the fish market at Boulogne.

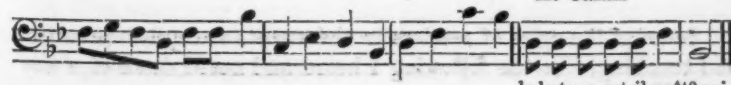
I.

II.

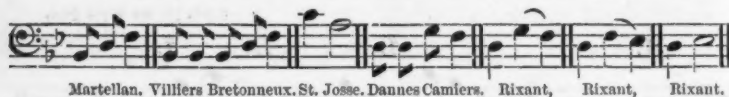
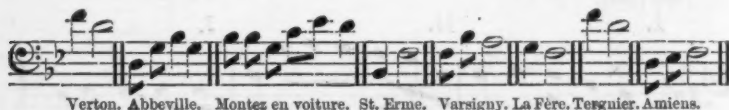
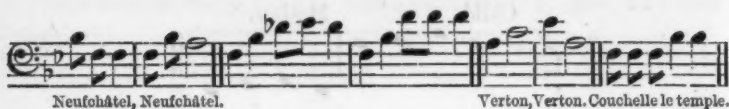
III.



At Calais

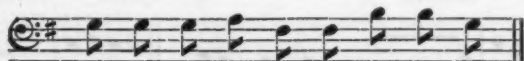
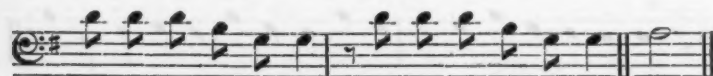


le bateau est-il prêt? oui.

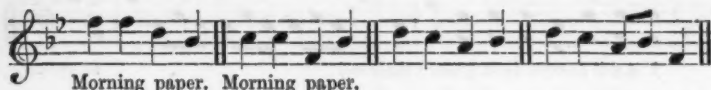


The French railway guards and conductors deserve to be complimented for their melodious calls of the names of the stations.

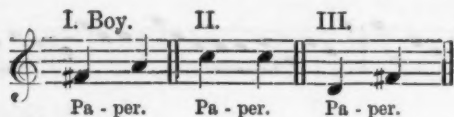
The omnibus conductors in London ordinarily call out in the key of B flat; but at busy places and hours they speak in a higher key. At Charing Cross I heard them call :



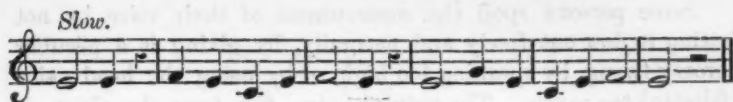
The paper boys call :



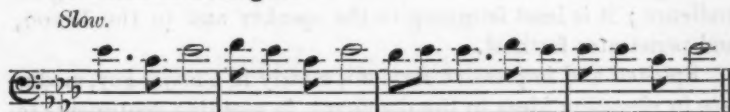
The calls of three paper boys I heard on one day at Charing Cross formed the dominant seventh chord :



Some of the cries of vendors in the streets are quite beautiful and touching, like the following I heard and noted down of a boy in Long Acre :



Of a man at Boulogne :

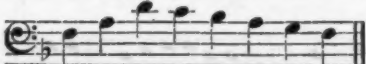


A collection of such melodious and pleasant cries from towns in England and abroad would be most interesting in showing the musical talent and taste of the people who invent and use them.

Friendly conversations keep mostly to the key of the principal person of the circle, who at the time gives, not only the moral and social tone, but also the musical tone to all around him, and if any one of the company would speak in a different tone, he would be out of tune and out of countenance with the others. When we read by ourselves we speak in C, or in B flat, or lower still ; but when we read to others, we raise our voice to the fourth or fifth of our own key, that is, to G, or F, or E flat.

We ought to study and exercise our voice in the different keys in which we may have to speak, through the whole extent of our voice, to enrich it with an easy flow of a variety of tones, so as to match our words and sentences with suitable melodious turns, to render them fervid and impressive, to touch a vibrating chord of sympathy and interest in our hearers.

When abroad I heard once a young orator speaking for nearly half an hour, with every sentence descending in these off tones

of the scale  which unvarying

descent of 6 5 4 3 2 1 made his well-worded speech tedious and unimpressive.

In a speech of some length the orator will save his voice by keeping more in the middle part of it, on and about his individual dominant, which part requires least strain and is the most pleasing ; from where he may with good effect rise or descend in accordance with the exciting or soothing flow of his ideas and sentiments. By thus arranging the melodious part of his speech somewhat like a musical composition, and suitably contrasting the high parts of his voice with the middle and lower parts, he will engage and rivet his audience all the more to every word.

Some persons spoil the sonorousness of their voice by not letting it flow out freely and naturally, by giving it a peculiar throaty twang, by speaking too high, or by using the head voice (falsetto) too much. The natural voice, free from the chest, is most agreeable and effective in conversation and in addressing an audience ; it is least fatiguing to the speaker and to the hearer, and penetrates farthest.

Spirited and impressive sermons, mostly in a major key, modulate in elevating ideas to the dominant, in soothing sentiments to the subdominant and the relative minor keys, but return and end in the principal key like a musical composition.

Collections of melodies in sermons and speeches of different nations would be most interesting and useful to students in oratory, be it for a dignified and becoming rendering of the great truths and sentiments in religion and humanity, or for persuasion, admonition and encouragement in secular matters.

The following melodies I have copied from a speech by an Oxford Professor, and from a sermon by an English bishop.

From an English speech (by an Oxford Professor) :



From (the sermon of an English bishop) an English sermon :





## *Farewell to Nature.*

VAIN love for Nature! How these heartaches rust  
 Into the soul as we return to dust!  
 Hope's shadow only masks our eventide,  
 Feigning to lead us to its brighter side,  
 While yet the mellowing skies that wondrous grow,  
 Seem left in waiting for the dead below.  
 But those tranced sunsets,—little they avail,  
 None travel hence in their alluring trail;  
 All is a dream, an ancient dream, the same  
 From the first mortal to the last that came.  
 Yet could we but for once our eyes uncloze  
 When through the distant days the pageant goes!  
 Familiar vision, and so soon to be  
 Entombed within the dead eternity.

Doth Nature know our dream, or is the mind  
 A passing breath her beauty leaves behind?  
 Ah! not for this our grateful souls have wrought  
 Around her sphere a universe of thought.  
 'Tis she inspires our dreams, but no reply  
 Vouchsafes the loving hearts that for her die,  
 Who only pray, when life's surprise is o'er,  
 They may partake a glimpse of her once more.  
 Is it too late? She sees not to the end;  
 What she hath done she never can amend;  
 Yet once by us beloved, once only known,  
 She seems from all the past to be our own.

Last wish of age! How sweet one glance would be  
 Even from the sod the olden haunts to see;  
 To watch the long-drawn wavelets as they reach  
 The silent plains of the deserted beach;

To look where light once was, if but to know  
 Of its faint struggle through the winnowed snow.  
 Ah! whence this dream that like the cuckoo-guest  
 Pleads in such winning accents for a nest,  
 And with its cloud-note ever on us calls,  
 And though it passes the fond heart enthalls?

Little it seems, this wish, when oft our sight-  
 Tires of the world, yet what a fresh delight  
 Were it sometimes in death those scenes to view,  
 The olden scenes that to our youth were new,  
 To linger o'er a sound whose murmurs swell  
 Upon the heart,—the tinkling village bell,—  
 To find that all was safe, all gliding on  
 In beauty's leisure ways though we were gone;  
 To see brave Nature in her perilous scheme  
 Advance without our help, without our dream.  
 At least 'twould hold ajar death's open door  
 To think our love was honoured evermore,—  
 In dying, on the forward thought to dwell  
 That it was not our very last farewell.

Could hope unveil and not its mystic fire  
 Be lost among the embers of desire!  
 Ill though desponding hearts their burden bear,  
 Is not the soul the master of despair?  
 Is this great life, hard won, achieved in vain,  
 Is good once found to never be again?  
 Ask of the worlds if they their path forget,  
 Ask hope that never ends, its time to set.  
 One deep desire throughout all being cries  
 And this is hope, our future in disguise.  
 O living lamp, O Hope, the only Seer;  
 Of Nature's after-time the pioneer,  
 Keep in advance across our starless way,  
 Be the new morrow of our orphan day!

THOS. GORDON HAKE.

## *Marrying and Giving in Marriage.*

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH,

AUTHOR OF 'HATHERCOURT RECTORY,' 'CARROTS,' &c.

### CHAPTER VIII.

THEY were expecting her. All three ladies rose from their seats when Aveline entered, and came forward eagerly to meet her. For a moment or two she was kissed—on both cheeks—and caressed and murmured over to such an extent that she scarcely knew where she was, and the little demonstration served one good purpose, for when it was over she was flushed and excited, so that even Madame de Boncœur's keen old eyes were deceived.

'She is looking brilliant, the dear child,' exclaimed Modeste's grandmother, joyfully. For, truth to tell, since the announcement of Miss Verney's engagement, the old lady had had misgivings on the subject, though loyalty to Lady Christina had prevented her expressing them. 'I must kiss you again, my dear,' and so she did. 'To think that a whole week should have passed since we heard the news, and that only now do we see you to wish you joy.'

'I—I wanted very much to see you and dear Modeste,' said Aveline, 'but somehow, ever since the day you called, when I was so sorry to miss you, I seem to have been so busy.'

'Naturally; that is easily understood,' said the old lady. 'Now, my children, I am sure you will like to be by yourselves for a little. Take your friend to your own quarters, Modeste, but bring her back to say a word to us on her way. You can stay an hour or two, dear Aveline?'

'Till five; then Leo and her governess will call for me,' replied Miss Verney, as she went away with Mademoiselle de Villers.

'I am glad to see that child looking well,' said Madame de

Boncœur to her daughter, when they were left alone. 'I had—ah, well! perhaps I should not say it. I did not feel sure of this affair being for her happiness. And even now, I confess, I scarcely understand it. But tastes differ—fortunately.'

Madame de Villers looked up from her embroidery frame, questioningly.

'Do you think she *is* looking well?' she said in her slow, impassive way. 'She was flushed and somewhat agitated at first, but afterwards, when the colour faded, I thought her pale and anxious-looking. Still, there *can* be no reason for it; I don't think I quite understand your misgivings, mother.'

'It is very easy to understand—you should not force one to say things in a disagreeably definite way, Alice; it does not sound nice,' said the old lady, testily. 'Of course I *meant* that I doubted if the child herself wishes this marriage. Christina is a good woman, but—these huge families: they make some women practical to the verge of becoming unscrupulous.'

Madame de Villers looked up in surprise.

'I thought——' she began.

'Never mind what you thought,' exclaimed her mother; 'I think Christina Verney at heart as worldly as any French mother of the old days that ever lived. Ah, bah! Never mind—I tire myself for nothing. But tell me, you don't think that poor child looking well?'

'No,' replied the younger lady, 'I do not.'

'We must see what Modeste says,' murmured Madame de Boncœur.

Modeste, poor girl, was feeling at that moment very much at a loss what to say or what to think. She had met Aveline effusively, expecting to find her so happy in her new prospects that it would be easy to conceal her own want of sympathy in their attractiveness. For Mr. Ayrton had *not*, her readiness to see everything English in the most favourable light notwithstanding, agreeably impressed Mademoiselle de Villers; nor, which in her eyes was much more important, had he won the golden opinion of her *fiancé*, Maurice de Bois-Hubert.

'Ah, indeed!' had been that young gentleman's commentary on the news. 'I am disappointed. I had thought your pretty friend's little drama was to have a different ending. What, then, has become of the great handsome Englishman who talked French so well? Gone? Ah, that is a pity. Well, well, tastes differ,

fortunately.' The same reflection with which Madame de Bon-cœur was fain to console herself.

'I am so glad to see you again at last, dear Aveline,' began Modeste, gently stroking her friend's hand. 'I was in despair at missing you the day we called. You see, we should be more friends than ever now—now that you too are *fiancée*, dear Aveline.'

'Yes,' Aveline replied, smiling faintly, 'and we must make the most of our time, Modeste, for your marriage will be coming so soon. Oh, Modeste,' she exclaimed with a complete and sudden change of tone, 'don't you *hate* the thought of it?'

Mademoiselle de Villers opened wide her large dark eyes and stared at Aveline in consternation, almost approaching horror. She thought that her friend must be going out of her mind.

'Aveline!' she exclaimed.

'Well,' said Miss Verney, feverishly, 'why do you stare at me like that, Modeste? They say—I have often heard people say—that girls do hate the idea when it comes near.'

'Every girl must be sorry to leave her home and her old life, just as one is sorry when the spring goes, even though one knows the summer is coming,' said Modeste. 'But that is very different from hating the thought of one's new life, surely? Oh, no—if I felt so, I would not marry.'

Aveline got up from her seat and walked impatiently to the window. She stood there for a moment gazing out vacantly, then she turned and came slowly back to Modeste.

'You're as bad as Leo,' she said with a quivering smile which was next-door neighbour to tears. 'I had thought—I had hoped—I didn't expect you to think about falling in love and all that kind of thing—'

Modeste's face flushed.

'You don't, I hope, think I would marry if I hated the thought of it, as you say. I don't understand you, Aveline. Why did you accept this—Monsieur Ayrton, if you hate him?'

Aveline sat down and leant her head back wearily.

'I don't *hate* him,' she said; 'that's what you won't understand. If I hated him I would not marry him. I daresay—I suppose—it will all turn out right enough.'

'But why marry him if there is any doubt about it?' persisted Mademoiselle de Villers.

'Modeste,' said Aveline, 'I think you might understand without forcing me to say it. I think it is my duty to marry Mr. Ayrton. At one time I thought it impossible, but now—no,

I don't hate him,' with, again, a wintry smile. 'He has behaved well and disinterestedly to me. He has been straightforward and in earnest from the first'; and here the girl's pale face grew red, 'and—I don't expect much from life for myself. Surely, Modeste, it must be right to think of others? To see one wrinkle the less on papa's face, to know that I can make things easier for Chris and Arthur and for Leo, to know that dear Leo will be free to marry happily, with my help perhaps—ah! think of the joy and delight of that, Modeste. I cannot be doing wrong in thinking of others more than of myself.'

Modeste's face expressed complete bewilderment. She took refuge for the moment in a question.

'And your mother?' she said. 'You do not mention her, Aveline. Is it to please her too? Can you not speak openly to her and ask her advice?'

Aveline's pleading face grew hard.

'No,' she said; 'mamma is the last person in the world I could speak openly to about myself. Pleased? Yes, it is to be hoped she is pleased. Ah, but how little she understands!' and the hard look intensified. Then with a sudden effort she seemed to rouse herself. 'You do not answer me, Modeste,' she said. 'Tell me, it cannot be wrong to forget oneself for others. *Your* religion teaches this more than any, surely?'

Modeste's lips opened as if to speak, then closed again.

'I don't know what to say, nor how to answer you,' she said at last. 'You put things in a way that puzzles me altogether. There must be wrong and right about it somewhere, if one could find it out.'

The words struck Aveline.

'I suppose it is always wrong to do wrong,' she said. 'It would be wrong to marry a bad man because he was rich and your family wished it. But Mr. Ayrton isn't a bad man; he's only—I don't know how to say it—rough; perhaps even a little coarse.'

Modeste gave a slight shiver.

'Oh, Aveline!' she said.

'He may improve,' Miss Verney went on, calmly. 'I am *very* fond of his father and mother, Modeste.'

'Yes?' said Mademoiselle de Villers, more cordially than she had yet spoken. 'I am glad of that.'

'Then you will give me a little comfort, won't you?' said Aveline. 'I have been looking forward to getting it from you. You are almost like a married woman now, you see, and that



makes you seem older. Tell me, you don't think me wrong, dear Modeste.'

'If—if you don't care for any one else more than for Monsieur Ayrton, I suppose——' Modeste began, hesitatingly.

But Aveline interrupted her.

'That even won't always hold water,' she said lightly. 'You wouldn't tell a child who was crying for the moon that he must go on crying for it. You would rather advise him to play with his humming-top and forget all about the moon.'

Modeste's sensible little face puckered up with perplexity.

'You bewilder me, Aveline,' she said. 'I have never thought of things like that—they don't come in our way.'

'So much the happier for you,' interposed Miss Verney.

'I wish you could talk to *bonne maman*,' cried Modeste.

'I couldn't,' Aveline replied, 'and it would be no use now. The die is cast. But now, Modeste,' she went on in a different tone, 'let us talk of other things. Won't you tell me about your *trousseau* a little?'

Modeste was nothing loth to do so, and in the interest of the topic her anxiety about her friend fell a little into the background.

But it revived again that evening when, alone with her mother and grandmother, the latter made some little enquiry about Aveline.

'You found her in good spirits—your young friend—of course as all is now arranged?' said the old lady.

Modeste hesitated.

'*Bonne maman*,' she said, with a little sigh; 'after all, though I love Aveline, I am not sure that I understand English girls. I am afraid about Aveline, *bonne maman*.'

'Tell me, my child,' said the old lady, gently. And Modeste tried to tell.

The two elder ladies glanced at each other.

'Ah!' said Madame de Villers under her breath. She was too kind-hearted not to feel sorry for her daughter's friend, yet with this was mingled a curious sensation of triumph over her mother's *Anglomanie*. 'How these English do mismanage their affairs!' she half whispered.

Madame de Boncœur looked very grave.

'Don't make yourself unhappy about it, my child,' she said, gently stroking her granddaughter's hand.

'But, *bonne maman*,' whispered Modeste, the tears creeping

into her eyes, 'she allows he is rough and even a little coarse. Suppose he were to turn out really a brute—to be cruel to her—to ill-use her?'

'Calm yourself, Modeste. Her parents will have seen to *that*—her father is not the man to allow her to run such a risk—nor her mother. Christina is worldly, but she would not absolutely immolate her child?'

'I could not take it upon myself to say,' replied Madame de Villers, to whom this question seemed to be addressed.

The old lady groaned.

'Alice,' she exclaimed, 'you horrify me.'

Madame de Villers raised her eyebrows.

'Dear mamma,' she said mildly, 'don't put it upon *me*. I only repeat like Modeste that I don't understand these English folk and their ways.'

Madame de Bonceur looked so distressed that her granddaughter, reversing the positions of a few moments before, tried to console her.

'Bonne maman,' she said softly, 'Aveline herself said if he were a *bad* man she would never marry him. If it really should be so, let us hope she will find it out in time. She says he is rough and coarse—and indeed we have seen it for ourselves. That sort of man is probably not clever—he may let it be seen if he is really a—a—'

'A brute,' suggested Madame de Bonceur, laughing, her elastic spirits reasserting themselves. 'Bravo, my little Modeste, I did not think you were already so wise. Let us hope, if it be so, that your predictions may come true. He drinks probably—that is not a defect too easy to hide.'

'Mamma!' said Madame de Villers, with a glance in her daughter's direction. But the old lady gave a slight gesture of indifference. Modeste was not a child now, she was all but a married woman, she must hear such things spoken of now and then. But the girl herself was not so unimpressionable.

'How dreadful!' she exclaimed, with dilated eyes. 'Oh, *bonne maman*, supposing he is as bad as that, and that she does *not* find it out! Oh, poor Aveline!'

'Let us hope for the best,' said Madame de Villers, placidly. 'I have been told that among English people a broken engagement is not thought so grave an affair—so much the better in this case, perhaps.'

And with this she dismissed from her mind all anxiety on the

subject of her daughter's friend. But not so her old mother and Modeste.

When Aveline got home that afternoon and went into her own room she found Leo waiting for her. The sisters had of late been much less together than formerly. Aveline's new position had altered many things—among others, from it had resulted the first coldness that had ever existed between herself and her darling Leo.

'And to think,' thought the elder sister to herself, sharply conscious of the irony of fate, 'that it is greatly for her sake that I am doing it!'

To-day Leo struck her as looking brighter and more 'like herself,' as the saying is, and immediately the elder sister's heart grew lighter.

'What have you been about, Leo?' she said cheerfully. 'You look quite excited about something or other.'

'Oh, yes, Avé. I've been waiting to catch you before you dress for dinner. Look what has come for me from Spain—isn't it pretty?—just what I wanted, and with such a delicious scent. Isn't it good of him not to have forgotten?'

She held out as she spoke a rosary carved in sweet-scented wood, such as one sees in all Spanish or southern towns. It was of no great value nor rarity, but it pleased Leo thoroughly.

Aveline gazed at it but half comprehending.

'From Spain?' she repeated.

'Yes, of course,' said Leo, impatiently. 'Don't you remember—oh, perhaps, you didn't hear—that Mr. Hereward promised to send me a Spanish rosary as soon as he got there? It was one day when we were looking at those shabby little ones outside one of the churches,' Leo went on, with a tone of supreme contempt for the formerly-coveted treasures, 'and I hadn't money enough to buy one. It is from him, I know, for he put one of his cards in with his address. I must write to thank him, mustn't I, Avé?'

'I suppose so. Yes, of course. You'd better ask mamma. Have you shown it to her?' asked Aveline.

'Yes, but she scarcely noticed it. She just said, "Oh, yes, very nice." And when I said, "May I write to thank him?" she said, "Yes, if you like." She was busy looking at a lot of lace with Lady Ayrtou. But I thought I'd ask you about writing,' and Leo fixed her very observant orbs full on her sister's face.

It grew faintly pinker under the scrutiny.

'Why should I object to your writing?' she said coldly.

'I didn't suppose you would. I thought you would tell me, perhaps, what to say. Shall I send any message from you?'

'My kind regards, if you like. You know what to say as well as I do; but you can show me the letter when it's ready, and I will see if it's all right. I must dress now, or I shall be late for dinner.'

'Mayn't I stay with you while you dress, Avé?' asked Leo. Of late she had rather avoided this time together.

'If you like, dear,' said Aveline, but her voice sounded tired.

'What are you going to put on? Your blue?' said Leo, in some surprise. 'Oh, yes, I remember. Mamma said *they* were coming after dinner. Well, I shan't have to come in, anyhow.'

'Leo,' said Aveline, suddenly facing round upon her sister, 'I wish you would not speak that way. You are making things far harder for me than they need be, and I don't deserve it of you. You don't know—you can't understand—' she went on, with a catch almost like a sob in her voice, but she choked it down. 'Leo, do come in to the drawing-room this evening—you know mamma is pleased now for you to come whenever there is any one—and try to be nice to Lady Ayrton, and—and to her son.'

Leo's face remained somewhat hard and unbending.

'I don't mind Lady Ayrton,' she said. 'She's kind and good enough, except—well, she couldn't very well be anything else to us—to *you*, Aveline. Just think what she's getting. But about Mr. Ayrton. I detest him, Avé. I detest him more and more every time I see him. I don't want to make things easier for you—the harder they are the better, if only it would make you give up this horrible marriage.'

'Leo,' exclaimed Aveline, almost in amazement—the child had never before spoken out her mind quite so plainly—'Leo, I have given my word.'

'Does that mean that you'd give it up if you could?' said Leo, her eyes gleaming.

'No,' said her sister, calmly. 'Nothing is altered. I have just the same reasons for agreeing to marry Mr. Ayrton that I had when I first accepted him.'

Leo's face fell again.

'You've been with Modeste and her grandmother to-day,' she began again. 'What did they say? What do they think about it?'

'What do you mean, Leo?' said Aveline, impatiently. 'You don't suppose I go running about asking everybody's opinion about what I am going to do.'

There was evasion in her reply, and evasion was what Aveline seldom condescended to. She felt ashamed of it, even while she thought it justified. She was ashamed, too, that Leonora should perceive it.

'I did not say "everybody,"' replied the girl quietly. 'Modeste is your best friend here. You might have said things to her that you wouldn't say to "everybody," certainly.'

'Well, then,' said Aveline, 'I can't tell you what she said, or what I said to her.'

A shadow of satisfaction stole over Leo's face.

'They don't like it, and they have told her so,' she said to herself, 'and I daresay that's what's made her so cross.'

She turned to leave the room without speaking.

'Leo,' Aveline called after her, 'you will come into the drawing-room this evening?'

'I'll see,' Leo replied. 'I want to get my letter written first, and I shall take some time about it. I want to do it very nicely, of course.'

And with this parting thrust she departed.

Aveline sat for a moment or two gazing before her.

'Modeste, and now Leo,' she said. 'There seems no rest for the soles of my feet anywhere. I don't pity people who are martyrs if all their friends stay beside them supporting and praising them for what they are doing.' She gave a bitter little laugh. 'It's too bad to have done it, to have made up my mind it was right, and not to get any credit for it—except indeed from mamma, and her approval I don't want. She understands my real motives less than any one. Lady Ayrton, of course, is ready to praise me to any extent if I would let her, poor dear,' and a softened look stole over Aveline's face.

'I understand *her* motives, and I can't blame her. But altogether, this going over it all and questioning me, as Modeste and Leo do, is almost more than I can bear. I wish it could all be over sooner. I wish I could be married next week.' And, 'I wonder,' she allowed the thought to rest for a moment in her mind, 'I wonder if *he* knows I am going to be married. Not that he would care. If he gave a thought to it he would probably despise me for it and credit me with the lowest motives. But he could not despise me much more than he has done already, according to what mamma says.'

And all softness left Aveline's face at this reflection.



## CHAPTER IX.

AVELINE was glad when dinner was over, for she and her father and mother were dining alone, and she felt less able than heretofore to meet the shrewd kindly glances Mr. Verney from time to time directed towards her from under his shaggy eyebrows, or, still worse, to reply with any sort of cordiality to her mother's rhapsodies about the lace in which she and Lady Ayrtton had been investing.

'My purchases were very small, of course,' Lady Christina ran on, 'though I confess I never did feel so tempted to be extravagant in my life. It isn't every day one has a daughter going to be married.' She glanced brightly at her two companions in turn, but on neither husband's nor daughter's face was any answering smile to be detected. She was getting used to this kind of thing, however, and dismissed all annoyance with a mental shrug of the shoulders. 'Some day, perhaps, when Aveline has daughters of her own to marry, she will do me justice,' she said to herself. And, with this consolatory reflection, she babbled on again—if a Lady Christina can ever be said to babble—in her softest tones about the Brussels and the Mechlin and all the rest of it.

'There were some flounces which positively made my mouth water; they would be so lovely, arranged in the new way, for your wedding-dress, Avé'—her daughter had never been anything less formal than Aveline till the new state of things. 'But your aunt Barbara has always promised you her old lace for *that*, and of course there is something eminently respectable in old lace. And I can tell you—are you listening, Aveline?—whether you have your wedding-dress trimmed with them or not, I don't suppose it will matter to you in the end that *I* could not afford the flounces for you. For Sophia bought them, and looked very mysterious over it, and she chose those *I* thought the prettiest.'

Lady Christina nodded her head with great satisfaction. Aveline smiled faintly; something just then made her feel sorry for her mother.

'Lady Ayrtton is exceedingly kind; very, very kind,' said the girl.

Mr. Verney glanced up.

'Yes,' he said, 'she is both kind and generous. It is not often that very rich people are so generous.'



Lady Christina beamed with satisfaction, but Aveline said nothing. She had detected a certain undertone in her father's voice.

In the drawing-room, a few minutes later, Leonora, in correct white muslin and with neatly arranged hair, made her appearance. Aveline glanced at her with approval.

'She has done it to please me, the dear,' she reflected, and she welcomed Leo with a bright smile, which brought the child across the room.

'Avé,' she whispered, 'can you look at my letter before they come? I have it here all ready, and mamma is busy just now. Just come into the little drawing-room a moment.'

Aveline followed her sister. The letter was irrefragable. She read it carefully, and was just putting it back into the envelope when sounds in the next room announced the guests' arrival.

'Quick, Avé,' said Leo. But Aveline, always deliberate in her movements, saw no reason to hurry. A moment later she regretted she had not done so.

Wilfred Ayrton, his face adorned with a foolish smile and even redder than usual, with a something indescribable about his whole bearing and appearance, which the two girls felt rather than saw, came slouching unsteadily into the room.

'What're you after, in here by yourselves, young women?' he began. 'Up to mischief, no doubt. Writing billy-dooos, eh? Can't stand that sort of thing, you know.'

His voice was not exactly thick, or perhaps, as it was at no time clear, not any startling difference was perceptible, but the tone and the words were sufficient. Aveline looked up haughtily.

'Mr. Ayrton!' she exclaimed.

He was too stupid to understand her manner at once. He burst into a coarse laugh, and putting out his hand caught hold of the letter in Aveline's fingers. In her amazement she made no effort to retain it, nor did she recover her presence of mind till he had drawn it from the envelope and was holding it up to read. And even then all the girl did was to sink back on her chair with a look of almost wild appeal to her younger sister.

'Leo,' she whispered, 'I can't struggle with him. What can we do?'

Mr. Ayrton meanwhile had made himself master of the first sentence.

'"Dear Mr. Hew—Hew—" he stammered, "'dear Mr. *Here-ward*." Oh, indeed, that's it, is it? You're writin' to *that* fellow,

are you? I say, Aveline, I'm not goin' to stand that kind of thing, you know. I must see what it's all about, any way. "I—I thank you very much indeed for your lovely present." Has the fellow been sending you presents?' said Mr. Ayrton, frowning upon Aveline, his face so distorted and inflamed with temper as to seem positively repulsive, his voice clearer for the moment with the force of his excitement. 'Answer me at once, or I—I—' and he stammered and spluttered in the vain endeavour to find his words. Aveline and Leonora grew pale with fear.

'Run, Leo, run for papa,' whispered the elder girl, half wildly, and Leonora flew. But at the door between the two rooms she knocked against Lady Ayrton, who, after a word of greeting to her hostess, had thought it advisable to follow her son, and that not without considerable trepidation and misgiving.

'Not so fast, my dear—not quite so fast, please,' said the poor lady, with nervous good-nature; 'why, where are you off to, Leo? Is anything the matter?' as she caught sight of Leonora's face.

'It's Mr. Ayrton. He's been so rude to Avé—and he is so queer. I think he's going out of his mind. I'm going to fetch papa,' Leo replied, in her agitation quite forgetting to whom she was speaking.

Lady Ayrton caught her by the arm.

'My child, I beg you to do nothing of the kind. I will speak to Wilfred. He is hot-tempered, you know. I understand him. Run in to your mother. I will send Aveline to you. But don't say anything to your father, I beseech you. Men, you know, are different. It might lead to a quarrel if Wilfred has lost his temper. Your father is still in the dining-room. Leo dear, I entreat you!'

Mystified, but impressed, Leo gave in.

Lady Ayrton hurried up to the corner, where Aveline, still pale and trembling, sat watching her *fiancé* as he glared at the paper in his hand.

'Wilfred,' said his mother, in a low voice, but more sternly than Aveline could have believed her capable of speaking, 'what is all this?'

Mr. Ayrton started, and the look on his face as he turned to his mother was one of fear.

'That's—that's just exac'ly what I'd like to know,' he said. 'A letter to that—that fellow—I can't stan' that sort o' thing, you know.'

'Give me the letter, Lady Ayrton, please,' said Aveline. 'It

is poor little Leo's,' she added, when she at last got it into her hand. 'But he—he has been so—he frightened us so.'

'It will be all right, my love—you will see,' said the poor mother, forcing herself to speak cheerfully. 'Wilfred takes up things wrongly, and he is hasty,' she added, in a lower voice. 'Leave him to me. I wished him not to come to-night. He—he was put out before we left home. Just leave him to me, dear. Will you go into the other room?'

'No,' said Aveline, 'I will go to my own room. Say good-night to mamma for me—say anything you like;' and as her future mother-in-law followed her to the door with broken words of 'explaining it to-morrow—' 'Wilfred will be so distressed,' she turned and faced her for one instant. 'Lady Ayrton,' she said, 'tell me the truth. Has he been drinking?'

There was no need for an answer, but the poor woman caught the girl's two hands in her own. 'Aveline,' she entreated, 'don't be too hard on him. It is so long since I have seen him so. I was quite happy. And your influence? Many young men——' she went on, disjointedly. 'Oh, don't say or do anything hurriedly! Wait a little.'

'I am going to my own room. I am not going to do anything to-night,' said Aveline. She was quivering with eagerness to get away.

'Thank you—God bless you!' exclaimed Lady Ayrton, snatching at the half promise of deliberation that the words contained.

And Aveline rushed to her own room, and there throwing herself into a chair, burst into tears.

'Why must things be so much harder for me than for others? I had made up my mind to it, and I thought it was right,' she sobbed.

Mr. Ayrton and his mother left almost immediately. Between them the two women managed to get him away without his being seen by Mr. Verney. And Leonora was sent to bed. She sat up for some time, however—she re-wrote her crushed letter to Mr. Hereward, and closed and directed it, ready to be posted the next morning. It was exactly the same as its predecessor, but with the addition of a postscript marked 'private,' which ran thus: 'I don't know if you have heard that Avé is going to be married to Mr. Ayrton. At least I'm afraid she is, and I hate him.'

Aveline woke the next morning with the strange feeling known to us all, that something of importance, which for the moment she could not clearly recollect, had happened. As she gradually gathered

together her ideas and realised the events of the day before, her perplexity changed its direction, but only to increase in intensity.

'What can I do? What shall I do? Will mamma not help me in some way? Should I go to papa or to her? I wonder what Modeste and her grandmother would tell me to do,' were the ideas that chased each other round her brain as she dressed. She felt nervous and almost dazed as she sat waiting for her mother at the breakfast-table.

'What will she say? How will she bear the disappointment? But at worst she can't blame me,' thought the girl, as she turned tremulously at the sound of the door opening.

'Good morning, my dear. Is your headache better? Lady Ayrton told me you thought it best to go to bed. Mr. Ayrton had a headache too, or else he was cross at your disappearance. They did not stay long. I think it must be something in the weather, for I feel rather done up myself. Dear me, how late it is! And we must be at Sophia's by eleven; we arranged to go to her dressmaker's this morning. I want to know her prices before ordering any of your dresses.'

Lady Christina ran on so fast that, till she fairly stopped to take breath, Aveline could not have got in a word. But her face had all this time been growing more and more amazed-looking, her blue eyes opening more and more widely with an expression almost of horror. And when it was possible for her to speak, she ejaculated but the one word,

'Mamma!'

Lady Christina glanced at her for an instant with a sort of contempt, not, however, altogether unmingled with uneasiness.

'What are you staring at me like that for, Aveline?' she exclaimed irritably. 'Really, my dear, there are times when you make yourself look as if you had not all your senses.'

Aveline took no notice of the taunt. Her energies were too completely concentrated in the one direction.

'Mamma,' she said again, this time in a low, almost imploring tone, 'can it be that you do not know? You must have seen—his mother knew it—that, that Mr. Ayrton was drunk last night. Mamma, oh, mamma, it must alter everything.'

Lady Christina glanced at her daughter again, this time the contempt was uppermost.

'Really, Aveline, foolish as I know you to be, I did not think quite so poorly of you as you force me to do. And so unladylike in your expressions. Drunk!—what a word to apply to a gentleman, and to the gentleman you are going to marry!'

‘It is more ungentlemanlike to be it, than it is unladylike of me to *say* it,’ returned Aveline. ‘And you are mistaken, mamma. I am not going to marry him.’

‘You *are*,’ retorted her mother, losing her temper. ‘I shall not allow my daughter to jilt any man.’

Aveline rose from her chair.

‘I will go to papa,’ she said, ‘and see what he says,’ and she turned towards the door.

Lady Christina’s tone changed at once.

‘Aveline, I *beseech* you, do nothing of the kind. Your father is not well this morning. He has had worrying letters—more expense for Chris, and your Uncle Bart can’t help him—and—and other things. This coming to Paris has cost more than we expected, and the London house not letting. Aveline, don’t be exaggerated. You have taken up Mr. Ayrton mistakenly. He had a headache, and Sir Francis had been very sharp with him, and he may have taken a *little* more than is strictly advisable. I don’t think he has a very strong head; and then he was rather irritable, I suppose, and something you said put him out, Sophia told me—not that she blamed you in the least. That was it, was it not?’

‘Partly, I suppose,’ Aveline replied vaguely, thankful that her mother knew nothing about the letter to Mr. Hereward.

‘Well, you see how it looks when it is taken reasonably. We will talk about it afterwards; but, I entreat you, Aveline, say nothing as yet to your father. I don’t, no—I *don’t* know what we should do if this marriage were to fall through,’ and Lady Christina clasped her hands together.

Aveline was not proof against this new species of attack. Her only safety lay in flight.

‘I will go before papa comes in,’ she said. ‘If he saw me I could not conceal that something was the matter. I don’t want any more breakfast. I have drunk my coffee.’

‘I will not take you to Sophia’s this morning,’ said her mother. ‘I will go myself, and—and—just see a little. Go out with Leo, my dear; your nerves have been upset, and I will see you when I come in.’

And Aveline, ashamed of her weakness, dissatisfied, and miserable, yet knowing that she had no strength to do otherwise, once her mother appealed to her as she had done, left the room.

Things turned out easier for her in the first place than she could have hoped. There was a respite, for Lady Christina came back from the Ayrtons’ hotel with the news of their leaving Paris



for a few days. Sir Francis had a longing for country air, and they were going off to Compiègne at once. Aveline could not repress a heartfelt ejaculation of thankfulness, which Lady Christina diplomatically affected not to hear, and her whole tone and manner remained softened and sympathising.

'Your nerves have been upset of late, my dear child,' she said gently. 'I can quite understand it; you have had so much to think of. A few days quietly by ourselves will do both you and me good.'

'Lady Ayrton has been making mamma promise to be very kind and patient with me. I see it all,' thought Aveline. 'She knows me so well. I wish mamma had kept to the way she spoke this morning. Then I could have resisted her. But poor papa, and all the troubles! And after all, if I give this up, what else have I to look forward to? If we were really poor people—*quite* poor—and I could work for them, how much happier it would be!'

And then there rose before her the recollection of Mr. Ayrton's red, inflamed-looking face, of his coarse tones and repulsive presence of the evening before.

'No,' shuddered Aveline, 'I *can't* marry him. What a fool he is! Why did he not keep on the mask, if it was a mask, a little longer? Once married to him my duty would be clear. That is what is torturing me—the not knowing what to do. If it is the case, as his mother said, that last night was accidental? For it is true that Sir Francis is very hard upon him. And whatever his faults and failings are, he has been straightforward and disinterested to me. Can he have heard any gossip about Mr. Hereward? If so, I don't wonder that he was angry at thinking I was writing to him.'

And as the days went on this new idea gathered fresh force. It was strengthened, almost unconsciously to Aveline, by little allusions on her mother's part to hints contained in Lady Ayrton's letters of Wilfred's distress of mind.

'Poor fellow,' Lady Christina would murmur; 'he has no tact, no *savoir faire*, as his mother says. He is too bunglingly honest, and gets blamed where a clever man—a man more alive to his own interests, a man of the world, in short—would get off scot-free.'

'I don't see——' began Aveline, and then she hesitated.

'What, my love?' said her mother, encouragingly.

'A man need not be a selfish man of the world to be gentle and courteous, and to—to know when he has had as much wine as is good for him,' said Aveline, her cheeks flaming.



'Ah,' said Lady Christina, slowly shaking her head, 'you are so inexperienced, Aveline. What do you know of those charming, to all appearance chivalrous men, behind the scenes? They will steal a girl's heart with their gentle, courteous ways, and then make fun of her. Ah, no, my love, all is not gold that glitters.'

And though Aveline would have died rather than let her mother know it, the shaft went home.

Mademoiselle de Villers' marriage was to be in ten days. The usual evening party for the signing of the contract took place the day before the return of the Ayrtons from Compiègne, and for this Aveline was grateful. Lady Ayrton and her son would certainly have been invited, and, since her last conversation with Modeste, above all with the consciousness of her own increased misgivings, she shrank with the greatest reluctance from appearing with her *fiancé* before her quick-eyed and quick-witted friends. She exerted herself to seem particularly bright and lively, so that Lady Christina herself was deceived, and laid her head on her pillow the night of the *soirée de fiançailles* with the happy conviction that Aveline had come back to her senses.

'The going to Compiègne was an excellent move on Sophia's part,' she said to herself; 'and this marriage coming on will make Aveline realise what it would be to give up all thoughts of her own.'

The next day brought Lady Ayrton. With great tact she asked at once for Miss Verney; Lady Christina by a happy coincidence was on the point of going out, and begged Aveline to excuse her to her friend. Aveline hesitated.

'I don't want to see her alone, mamma,' she began; but she was quickly interrupted—

'My dear, it is exactly what I do wish. I will not interfere in any way, or attempt to influence you. You must judge for yourself, Aveline. It is a thing in which no one can decide for you.'

And with these words the girl felt that her fate was again taken out of her hands.

'I can't decide for myself when it is to make other people unhappy—and mamma knows it,' thought Aveline, as she opened the drawing-room door.

And had she been far more resolute than was possible for her to be, her decision would have been shaken by the sight of Lady Ayrton's appealing face. She looked white and careworn. Truth to tell, the sojourn at Compiègne had not been a time of

peace and sunshine for the poor woman. She had longed for, and yet dreaded the return to Paris, when she must learn the result of Aveline's 'thinking things over.' She felt, as regarded her son, like a gambler who has staked his all on a last throw.

She was not of a nature to act with much diplomacy, had diplomacy been required. But such was not the case, and no tact or skill could have stood her in such good stead as did the display of her real and intense anxiety. As Aveline entered the room Lady Ayrton rose from her seat and came towards her, both hands extended.

'My dear,' she began, 'I asked to see you alone. I am so anxious—I have been so unhappy. And Wilfred, too'—the words came less easily here—'Wilfred has been so unhappy and so remorseful,' and with this Lady Ayrton put her hands on the girl's shoulders and burst into tears.

What could Aveline do, what could any girl in her place and of her nature have done, but soothe the poor woman with words which bore more significance than the speaker fully realised? It is always painful to see the tears of old or even elderly people—to Aveline, unaccustomed to much expression of emotion, it was peculiarly so. And, before she well knew what she was about, there was Lady Ayrton rapturously kissing and thanking her, assuring her that the lesson should be one by which her son should profit as long as he lived, that *never* should her sweet girl, her daughter-to-be, repent her generosity, her goodness!

'And he may come to see you again, may he?' concluded Wilfred's mother; 'or will you come to us, as you used? Would you spend to-morrow with us? Sir Francis is longing to see you,' to which proposal Aveline agreed. A reconciliation scene in her mother's presence and with her mother's remarks and felicitations would, she felt, have been more than she *could* stand.

She was not nervous at the idea of meeting Mr. Ayrton now—the worst was over, the die was cast, and there was nothing to do but walk on, not blindfold, but refusing to see.

And the next day passed much as she had expected. Wilfred was sheepishly subdued, making clumsy efforts to show his regret and gratitude, which, out of a sort of almost grotesque pity, she received graciously enough for him to have recovered before the end of the afternoon his usual bearing of clownishly good-humoured self-satisfaction.

'And this,' thought Aveline to herself, with an instinct stronger than the inexperience on which her mother laid so much weight, 'this is to be my life.'

Sir Francis was as charming as to her he had always been. But she thought him looking very ill—much worse than when she had last seen him; and more than once she caught his eyes fixed upon her with an expression half-melancholy, half-scrutinising, which puzzled and yet touched her. It was like, and yet not like, the glances which from time to time her father darted at her from under his eyebrows.

‘Is he sorry for me, or does he look down upon me?’ she asked herself. And, indeed, at this juncture the question was one which Sir Francis Ayrton could not himself have answered.

## CHAPTER X.

THERE was a large gathering of well-dressed people at the church of St. Z—the morning of the marriage of Monsieur Maurice de Bois-Hubert and Mademoiselle Modeste de Villers, a much larger gathering than the Verneys in their inexperience had expected. For Madame de Boncœur had impressed upon them that it was to be a very quiet affair.

‘Times are changed,’ said the old lady, ‘and not for the better, since the day, twenty-three years ago, when I married my Alice. That was a brilliant spectacle. But in the present state of our unhappy country, any great display, even on an occasion of undoubted rejoicing, would be in very questionable taste.’

Thus it came to pass that when Mr. Verney, his wife, and daughter entered the church, they found almost every corner occupied. The places reserved for the relations and near friends of the bride and bridegroom were inaccessible; it was all Mr. Verney could do to find separate seats for Lady Christina and Aveline at some little distance from each other, and standing-room for himself in the shelter of a pillar.

Aveline was not sorry to be, so to speak, alone, and free from her mother’s whispered comments. The church was not a very large one, but things had been well arranged. Exquisite white flowers against a background of palms and rare shrubs tempered the gilding and colour of the altar, too brilliant and ornate for northern eyes.

‘I have never seen a French church look so solemn and yet beautiful,’ thought Aveline, and when the music, the very best of

its kind, was added to the whole, the girl felt almost too deeply impressed. The tears would come to her eyes, when they descried the figure of Modeste, familiar and yet strange in its new dignity of bridal attire, kneeling beside the man she had chosen for her husband, and not a word of the service was lost upon the English maiden.

'How is it,' she asked herself, 'I have been at several marriages, but I never felt like this before? Is the French service more impressive than ours, or is it that I have never before thought so much about it? How glad I am to know that Modeste really loves him, and to feel, as sure as one can feel, that she is going to be happy!'

But with these reflections there returned to her with irrepressible force, the misgivings, the cruel misgivings, she had so tried to stifle.

'How should I feel if I were to-day kneeling there in Modeste's place, with *him*, Wilfred Ayerton, beside me? How shall I feel when the day comes for it, as come it must?'

She shut her eyes for an instant—a feeling of dizziness came over her. The bridal party by this time had left the altar and withdrawn to the sacristy, there to await their friends and their congratulations. People began to talk together, for the most part in subdued tones, but some ladies in Miss Verney's immediate neighbourhood were less cautious.

'So there's another happy pair done for,' were the first words Aveline overheard in the sharp nasal tones of a *not* first-class American. 'Let's hope they're going to have a better time than most French couples, by all accounts.'

'Well now, Stella, I don't agree with you there. You've got your notions out of novels. For my part I believe there's good and bad of all kinds. I'd take a Frenchman to-morrow, if——'

'If he'd got a title—that's the plain English of it with you,' laughed the first speaker. 'But don't you be in a hurry, Cilly. Look about you a while. And, by the bye, what's become of Will? He said he'd be sure to be here.'

'I've not seen him, and I'm not going to look for him. He'll be tied on to his young lady and her people to-day. He's on his good behaviour since that flare-up he told us of, you know.'

'All the same I'd be sorry to bet on that marriage ever coming off,' replied the first speaker. 'Will won't find it so easy to keep on his good behaviour for long; there'll be another flare-up some day when he gets just a little bit excited, you know, Cilly. It isn't as if he cared about the girl.'

'But he cares about Garthdean—isn't that the name of the place he's to have when the marriage comes off? It's real mean of the old people to entrap the poor fellow into a marriage by bribing him like that, and so I told him from the first at Pau.'

'Well, he's not married yet,' resumed Miss Lucilla's sister or cousin—Aveline never knew the relationship of the two speakers—'and with your money, Cilly, I say it'll be strange if you can't get what you want for it, considering you've come to Europe on purpose. But don't you think we'd best go now? We'll have a better view of them coming out if we station ourselves by the door.'

Then ensued a rustling and moving which told Miss Verney that her unwelcome neighbours had taken themselves off.

They had not seen her, of that she was certain; there had been no intention in a single word of those she had overheard. Trembling from head to foot, too bewildered to think clearly, Aveline drew back in her corner as far as possible and tried to collect herself. Her one idea for some time was to remain hidden till she could succeed in doing so. She did not even look up when, by the whispered remarks about her, she became aware that the bridal cortège was passing down the aisle.

'Modeste will not distinguish me among so many,' she said to herself, 'and I must, I *must* think. Oh, I do *so* hope they will not be there! I *could* not speak to him, and it would be almost harder to speak to his mother. I have thought her so sincere—I have believed he cared for me for myself. Fool that I have been!'

Five minutes later she heard her mother's voice.

'We are going, Aveline. Are you asleep, my dear? Why, what is the matter? You look so white. The heat, I suppose?' as Aveline murmured some vague excuse. 'Thank goodness, there is nothing to cry about in Modeste's marriage,' with a rather sharp glance at her daughter's eyes. 'I cannot imagine what has become of the Ayrtons. Sophia was quite determined to come. They will make their appearance at the rue de Touraine, however, no doubt.'

But in this, to Aveline's immense relief, Lady Christina did not prove a true prophet. The truth was that Mr. Ayrton had declined to accompany his mother, and she thought it better to stay at home than to risk inconvenient questions and remarks.

'I had such a headache,' she told her friend when Christina drove round to inquire.

'Ah, yes, with the heat, I suppose. Aveline is not well to-day, either. She walked home with her father, and asked me to tell you how sorry she was not to have seen you and Wilfred.'

This message, needless to say, was an invention; Aveline had never mentioned the Ayrtons' name. Her pallor and evident suffering had drawn down upon her much sympathy from her friends and some veiled indignation from her mother.

'So silly and sentimental of you to look as if you were going to faint because your friend is happily married,' said Lady Christina cuttingly, though in a low voice; while old Madame de Boncœur kissed her with a tenderness that nearly brought the tears to her eyes, and Modeste whispered, 'Dear Aveline, I cannot bear to see you looking so ill. It is the only cloud in my sky to-day.'

Mr. Verney had his own ideas on the subject, but said nothing; and Aveline was grateful to be left alone, and thankful to find herself at last in her own room, free to decide on her course of action.

'If what I heard is true, I cannot marry him. The one thing I believed in was his disinterestedness. There can be no mistake. Those women cannot but have meant him. The name "Will," and Garthdean, my future home, as Lady Ayrton always calls it! Still, I suppose it is fair to ask for an explanation—for the truth. But whom can I ask, and how can I bear my life with mamma when it is all given up?'

There came a tap at the door.

'Come in,' said Aveline, starting up. But she need not have started; it was only Leo.

'Avé,' said she, 'papa sent me to you. He told me you had such a bad headache. What is it, dear Avé? You look so very ill.'

For all answer Aveline put her arms round her young sister, and burst into tears.

'Leo, dear, I don't know what to do,' she exclaimed. 'It seems as if I were fated never to know what I should do. I had fixed to marry Mr. Ayrton. I thought it my duty. Then I wanted to give it up after that evening, you know; and I was persuaded into it again, and again I thought it right. And then to-day, at the church, when I saw Modeste and Monsieur de Bois-Hubert married, and I felt that they cared for each other, and that Modeste was not afraid of what she was doing, it all came over me quite differently again, and——'

Leo's eyes were sparkling.



'And you felt you could not marry that man?' she interrupted. 'Oh, Avé, keep to that, it is the right feeling——'

'Stop!' said Aveline, 'you haven't heard half.'

Then she went on to tell Leonora what she had heard, and the interpretation she could not but put upon it. 'And what can I do?' she finished by saying helplessly.

Leo's face was a study; her colour went and came; her eyes by now were positively gleaming.

'Aveline,' she said, 'you are older than I, and I suppose I've no right to say it, but do you know I am really ashamed of you. Here are you wondering what you should do, and thinking things are so hard for you, when you should be ready to jump with joy—I am, I know—that you've found it all out. I knew that man didn't really care for you—he *couldn't*. And now you see that he has only wanted to marry you to please his father and mother, and to get them to give him that place and lots of money, and yet you say you don't know what to do.'

'I must find out the exact truth,' said Aveline. 'I cannot act upon gossip overheard by accident. And I don't know whom to get the truth from. His mother'—and Aveline gave a shiver—'his mother would throw herself upon me and cry—and—oh, Leo, it would be horrible!'

'I can't understand how you can be sorry for her or for his father. They were ready to sacrifice you. I daresay that man's just horribly wicked—I daresay,' said Leo, impressively, 'he gets drunk every evening when we don't see him.'

'Perhaps,' Aveline agreed. 'But, however bad he is, I am dreadfully sorry for his father and mother.'

There was a moment or two's silence.

'Will you speak to papa?' said Leo, abruptly. 'I can call him. He's not gone out yet, and mamma has not come home.'

'No,' said Aveline, 'I don't want to mix papa up in it. He would be so fearfully angry about it all—with the Ayrtons, and—and with mamma. I want him to know of it, when it is done, as quite my own doing—not that I had found out anything. I will tell you, Leo, what I think will be best. I will speak to Sir Francis Ayrton. He is a gentleman, he cannot deceive me when I put it to him plainly. And I have a right to know.'

'I should think so, indeed,' said Leo. 'Well, then, write him a note—now, this minute—to ask him when you can see him alone. I'll take it when I go out with Elise. Write it now, Avé.'

And, sternly determined, the young girl stood over her sister

till the words were written. The letters were tremulous and the note was somewhat incoherently expressed, but Leo cared little for that.

'Once she sees him and tells all, it must come to an end,' thought she. For in her heart she doubted if Mr. Ayrton's father had taken much part in the scheme.

'It is all his mother,' she thought to herself, 'and *mamma*, though I will never say so as long as I live. But when I am grown up, I shall not be as meek and giving in as poor *Avé*.'

Sir Francis Ayrton was surprised and somewhat discomposed by the receipt of Miss Verney's note.

'Some new misbehaviour of Wilfred's, I suppose,' he said to himself. 'She is getting frightened, perhaps. So much the better for her. I have never been able to understand the girl. I think I have never felt sure of its going through. Thank Heaven, I had nothing to do with it. But that makes it all the harder lines that I should be dragged into it now. Why can't the girl speak to Sophia? Why can't she have it out with that precious son of mine himself? If a nice, pretty girl will engage herself to a cub, she should take the consequences.'

Sir Francis's bark, however, was worse than his bite. The note which Aveline received from him the next morning was couched in the kindest terms, naming an hour at which she could see him alone, delicately inferring rather than expressing his gratification at the trust she placed in him.

But though he did not let it be seen, the invalid gentleman was nearly as nervous as Aveline herself when, the next afternoon, she was ushered into his sitting-room. He was as usual on his sofa, and, as he had promised her, alone.

'It is kind of you to let me come to see you. I—I wish I had not needed to ask it,' began Aveline, her lip quivering.

'My dear young lady,' replied the baronet, 'you have every conceivable right to ask me what you choose. Not merely as a friend, but as——'

'I know what you are going to say,' interrupted the girl. 'Don't say it, please. I shall never be more than a friend to you. You will understand when you hear what I have to say.'

'Oh!' said Sir Francis, and the low exclamation sounded so like a groan of pain that Aveline glanced at him anxiously. But though pale—very pale—he was smiling slightly, though his hand was pressed against his side. 'There is nothing the matter,' he went on hastily, detecting her frightened expression. 'Anything, nothing, gives me a little spasm, but it is over already.'

And so it was. Aveline's first words had told him all. It was a sharper disappointment than he had suspected himself of being still capable of feeling, as regarded anything in connection with his graceless son. 'I had counted on it more than I knew,' thought Wilfred Ayrton's father. 'It was a sort of last chance for him.'

'So please go on with what you have to say, my dear—Miss Verney,' he added with a momentary hesitation.

Aveline's eyes filled with tears. It had pleased her for Sir Francis to call her by her Christian name—to fancy herself already beginning to fill a daughter's place to the daughterless man. But she forced herself to go on, as he bade her.

'I have heard something—accidentally—in fact I overheard it,' she said slowly, 'which—which has altogether changed my opinion of your son, and made me feel I cannot marry him. I want to tell it to you, and I must ask you to tell me if it is true.'

'I may perhaps not be able to do so,' replied he. The girl puzzled him—there were plenty of old scandals about Wilfred from his schooldays onwards, but of late the father had believed him to have been conducting himself better. 'Why should she come to me if she has got hold of any of his delinquencies? It would have been more natural to speak to her mother, or,' as Lady Christina's hard face rose before him, 'to her father.'

'Oh, yes,' said Aveline, 'you can, for it has to do with you.' And then in simple but clear words she related what she had overheard. 'It is he himself who has told it, you see. Oh, Sir Francis—is it true that you *bribed* him to marry me? And I—fool that I have been!—do you know that I believed that in his way he cared for me—that he was, though rough and unattractive, honest and disinterested? That was his one recommendation to me, and that is gone.'

Sir Francis sat for a moment, with his hand so shading his face that Aveline could not see it, in perfect silence. And for that moment Aveline, in the vividness of her sympathy with him, almost brought herself to hope she was mistaken.

'Is it true?' she said at last, very gently.

The invalid raised himself, and there was a look on his face that Aveline had never seen there before, and which she never forgot.

'Yes,' he said sharply, 'it is true.'

One or two tears made their way to her eyes and rolled down her face. Sir Francis caught sight of them and his voice softened.

'I do not wish to exonerate myself,' he said, 'but, nevertheless, I should like you to know that I had no hand in it, beyond agreeing to what his mother begged me to do. She—poor thing—she is her only child, and she thought such an end as she hoped for justified all means, I suppose. But as you ask me plainly, I answer you in the same way. Wilfred would never have dreamt of asking you to marry him but for the material advantages promised to him if he succeeded in his suit. And in saying this I infer no sort of mortification to you—rather the contrary. My son is a man *incapable* of appreciating such a woman as you. But for your really astounding inexperience, you would have felt this yourself. Did you never feel it?' And he looked up at her sharply again.

'I don't know,' said Aveline. 'But I believed in his disinterestedness—completely.' She sat silent for a moment or two. Then a sort of bitterness of indignation came over her. 'Sir Francis Ayrton,' she said, 'it was doing me a terrible injury to let me do so. No one has any right to deceive a girl like that.'

Sir Francis hesitated.

'No, I suppose not. But I am not going to say any more about who was the most to blame. It is useless. But you, yourself—you could not have loved him? Do you think it right to marry a man you could neither love nor respect?'

On her side Aveline hesitated.

'I thought I did respect him when I accepted him,' she said; 'and in some ways I continued to think so till yesterday. And I did not dislike him—and—there were so many motives. I have been so happy with you and Lady Ayrton—and I wanted to be of use to papa and all of them at home,' and here her voice broke down altogether.

'Poor child,' said Sir Francis. 'Yes, you were right as regards me. I would have loved you very much as a daughter, Aveline—now that I have lost you I see how much.'—'For I see the guileless creature she after all really is,' he added to himself.—'But, my dear,' he went on, 'as it is pretty certainly the last time we shall ever talk together in this way, let me give you a warning. It is very seldom—I don't say *never*, but very seldom that a loveless marriage turns out happily. Of course mutual respect is a good foundation—and—when there is that, and a girl does not care for any other *more*, there is less to fear.'

He looked keenly at Aveline as he spoke. She felt herself change colour.

'I—I meant to do right,' she said faintly. 'Have I been all wrong—all wrong together?'

'You are right now, at any rate,' he replied firmly.

'And what shall I do?' she said, with—now that the stimulus of her resolution was past—a sort of return to the helplessness which so irritated Leonora. 'How can I break it off? What shall I say—how can I bear what—what mamma will say? Oh, I did not mean that,' she went on, clasping her hands. 'I should not have said that—but it is all so difficult.'

Sir Francis reflected for a moment.

'I will do what I can to make it easier for you,' he said. 'I owe you that, surely. I will tell my son your decision.'

'Shall you tell him all I have told you?' asked Aveline.

'I shall take care that no possible blame shall attach to you, either with him if he attempted to throw any on you, or with my wife. And if you prefer it, I will also tell your father how things stand.'

'Yes,' said Aveline, 'I should be very grateful if you would do so. I do not want to be the cause of—of any discussion between my father and mother.'

'I understand,' said Sir Francis. 'I will save you all the trouble I can. Now, my dear, I must ask you to say good-bye. I am very tired.'

'How thoughtless I have been!' exclaimed Aveline, starting up.

'No, no. I am very weak. It is not your fault. God bless you, my dear child! I wish I could have called you such in reality. But at least I shall feel no *more* self-reproach on your account. Yes, it is really good-bye,' as he held her hand a moment in his. 'We shall leave Paris almost immediately now, and—there is no saying how soon I may not have to start on a longer journey still.'

'Good-bye,' said Aveline, 'and thank you—for everything.'

She drew her veil down when she rejoined Elise, and held her parasol so, when they got out into the street, that neither the maid nor the passers-by should see she was crying.

Her father and mother were fortunately dining out that evening without her, so she managed to avoid seeing either of them for more than a hurried moment. And she and Leonora spent the evening together.

There was one person who fell asleep that night with a lighter heart than for long—that person was Aveline's young sister.

(To be continued.)

## *At the Sign of the Ship.*

*Of Log-Rolling.—A Desperate Case.—Startling Revelations!—The ‘Hayward Letters.’—Mr. Hayward Exposed.—Of Criticism.—‘An Enemy hath done this thing!’—Of Misprints.—Of the End of the World.—Lines on the ‘Destiny of the Universe,’ by a Young Lady.—Of Books and their Prices.—Of Arrow-Release.—Of Unknown Correspondents.—A Poem.—Poor Needlewomen.*

IN Mr. Hayward's *Letters*<sup>1</sup> there are various entertaining passages, and among them what some moralists would call a dreadful example of 'log-rolling.' Mr. Thackeray (by the way he is called 'Mr. Thackery' in the table of contents) was not a very well known man in 1845. Mr. Macvey Napier, not a very well remembered man in 1887, was then editing the *Edinburgh Review*. To him Mr. Longman recommended Mr. Thackeray, 'thinking he would be a good hand for light articles.' Mr. Longman was not mistaken in this judgment. There was never a better hand at light articles. But Mr. Macvey Napier had not heard of the proposed contributor, and, as he said, 'in a journal like the *Edinbro'* it is always of importance to keep up in respect of names.' As if Mr. Thackeray's name, the name already of the author of *Barry Lyndon*, was so obscure! However, we come to *expose* Mr. Thackeray, not to praise him.

\* \* \*

A record has leaped to light. Where is Mr. Thackeray now? He, or rather Mr. Hayward, must be consigned to the Purgatory of log-rollers. Mr. Thackeray's novel *Vanity Fair* was actually praised (hideous and incredible as it may seem) by *his personal friend*, Mr. Hayward, in the *Edinburgh Review*, a journal in which he himself wrote, or may have thought of writing, being esteemed a good hand for light articles. This is not the worst of

<sup>1</sup> Murray. London: 1886.



it. There are more revelations: there was a lady in this dark and dread conspiracy. In the *Hayward Letters* (i. 120) it is written: 'When a few numbers of *Vanity Fair* had appeared, it was thought that Mr. Hayward might consent to review them in the *Edinburgh Review*. He was very good-natured about it.' What an appalling laxity of phrase! 'Good-natured'! Thus do worldlings speak of literary crime. Mr. Hayward was not only good-natured, but so busy that, apparently, he had not time to read through the book he was to criticise. But 'a lady kindly undertook to mark the passages which might be usefully quoted,'—observe the word 'usefully'—'and Hayward thereupon consented, and wrote a review in the *Edinburgh Review* upon the basis furnished by' . . . the author of 'the above letter.' The 'above' letter, by the way, is not 'above,' but follows these ghastly disclosures. The lady's letter, to drop the mood of irony, does the highest credit to her as a critic.

\* \*

Is this the worst—that Mr. Hayward reviewed and praised *Vanity Fair*, assisted by the kindness of a lady? No, this is not all. Does the reader remember who it was that Mr. Thackeray honoured by the dedication of *Vanity Fair*, that immortal picture of human life? If not, he may consult *Vanity Fair*, and then the whole iniquity of these unparalleled transactions will flash, in one lurid glare, upon his ethical consciousness. Happily such deeds, like cannibalism and cock-fighting, are almost obsolete.<sup>1</sup>

\* \*

'Bless that girl, she is always right!' said the Paphlagonian usurper, about his daughter, the Princess Angelica. Mr. Thackeray was almost always right. Any young man of letters may read with profit his letters to Mr. Hayward on literary enmities. There are authors so sensitive and miserable that when their books are 'cut up' they hasten to wail aloud and cry, 'An enemy hath done this thing.' Why should it be an enemy? Is your book so excellent that all men, not blinded by private hatred, must admire and extol it? A critic may detest your manners, your style, your ideas, your affectations, your Greek and Latin—everything you

<sup>1</sup> Here followed, in the original MS., some passages 'wrote sarcastic.' But the rhymes which launched this craft, a year ago, declared that—

We shall do everything—but scold,  
In this our stall of *bric-à-brac*!

do—and yet may never even have seen you. Probably there is a good deal of truth in what the critic says about you, and you had better hold your tongue and make the best of it. One may admire the author though one detests the man, or may like the man though one detests the author. Thus, when Mr. Thackeray failed, by one vote, to be elected to the Athenæum Club by the committee, he did not go about complaining of being persecuted. ‘As a satirical writer,’ he says to Mr. Hayman, ‘I rather wonder that I have not made more enemies than I have. I don’t mean enemies in a bad sense, but men conscientiously opposed to my style, art, opinions, impertinences, and so forth.’ Mr. Thackeray goes on to observe that he ‘feels almost frightened at the kindness of people regarding him.’ This is the right way to look at these things, to take appreciation as kindness, and opposition, not as the ‘stab’ of the ‘enemy,’ but as the inevitable, natural, even desirable, result of the blessed differences in human temperaments, tastes, opinions. Probably not one severe review in a thousand is written by a personal enemy of the author—an enemy ‘in the bad sense.’ It is written by some one ‘conscientiously opposed to the author’s style, art, opinions, impertinences, and so forth.’ But it is difficult to persuade authors to believe this simple doctrine. Their hostile critics are usually ‘enemies,’ if you listen to them—enemies ‘in the bad sense.’

\* \* \*

It is not the act of an enemy to point out to Mr. Henry E. Carlisle, the discreet editor of the *Hayward Letters*, that a new edition will be improved by a little more attention to correct printing. Here is a sentence from a letter of Count D’Orsay’s:—‘Après *is* coup qu’il a fait, il serait bête de s’arrêter, il *eroit* à son étoile et à sa mission, il coquettera *peut-erre* quelque temps, mais le resultat sera ce que je vous dis.’ *Is* coup, and *il eroit*, and *peut-erre* make a constellation of *coquilles*. The French print English words wildly; we should improve them by a better example.

\* \* \*

The gloom of the general outlook, political and social, has not been gloomy enough for the astronomical thinker described in the following verses by Miss May Kendall. As to the ultimate fortunes of the round world, let us hope better things than she suggests, and trust that, as all appearances indicate, and as the dissensions of astronomers declare, it is ‘made so fast that it

cannot be moved.' To an inquirer who persists in asking whether 'we shall wander into space or fall into the sun,' might be answered, '*Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas!*'

## TAKING LONG VIEWS.

('Take short views.'—SYDNEY SMITH.)

His locks were wild, and wild his eye,  
 Furrowed his brow with anxious thought;  
 Musing, I asked him, 'Tell me why  
 You seem thus vacant and distraught?'  
 Sadly he gazed into my face:  
 He said, 'I have no respite, none!  
*Oh, shall we wander into space,  
 Or fall into the sun?*

'Astronomers I've sought in tears,  
 And ah! it's terribly remiss,  
 That, after all these anxious years,  
 They cannot even tell us *this*.  
 Though each man seems to prove his case,  
 Each contradicts the other one,  
 And—*do* we wander into space,  
 Or fall into the sun?'

'Comfort!' I said; 'I can't discern  
 The nature of our planet's end;  
 Nor should I greatly care to learn:—  
 We've many æons left, my friend!  
 Whether we last from age to age  
 A frozen ball, or turn to flame,  
 To me, at this inspiring stage,  
 Is very much the same.

'Observe Humanity's advance,  
 And Evolution's giant strides!  
 Remark on what a smooth expanse  
 The nation's barque at anchor rides!  
 The march of Intellect retrace.'  
 He moaned: 'I don't care what we've done.  
*Oh, shall we wander into space,  
 Or fall into the sun?*

## AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

‘If we should fall, you understand,  
 Such heat the crash might generate,  
 The solar system would expand  
 Into its primal gaseous state.  
 It would be awkward, I maintain,  
 The same old cycle to renew;  
 For, once let things come round again,  
 And *we* should come round too!’

I cried, ‘The prophecy forbear!  
 Of finite woes we have enough.  
 What, travel through the old despair,  
 Experience the old rebuff!  
 I’d rather haunt the void Afar  
 For endless ages; would rejoice  
 To be a harmless, frozen star,  
 If I might have my choice!’

He gazed at me with aspect strange;  
 He only said, ‘How would it be  
 If this poor planet should derange  
 The solar system’s equity;  
 If, when the sun our planet met,  
 The sun himself began to fall,  
 Another system to upset,  
 And so on through them all?’

‘Peace, peace!’ I said. ‘However dark  
 The destiny the æons bear,  
 You won’t be here the wreck to mark.’  
 ‘Ah, *that*,’ he cried, ‘is my despair!  
 I want to know what will take place,  
 I want to know whate’er is done—  
 Oh, *shall we wander into space,*  
 Or *fall into the sun?*’

M. K.

\* \* \*

The sellers of secondhand books are, no doubt, becoming very learned—even too learned. It is curious to look at the prices attached, in their catalogues, to the French illustrated books of the last century, from Boucher to Moreau le Jeune, and compare them with the prices in Cohen’s *Guide de l’Amateurs*, The English

booksellers seem to take the highest price from the new edition (1887), and then to read shillings for francs.

On devient amateur, mais on nait Bouquiniste!

Still, errors are made occasionally. A copy of the first edition of *Robinson Crusoe* has lately been offered for fifty shillings. A difficult question in casuistry is raised; may the amateur, who knows the real worth of the book, justifiably purchase it at the price set by the vendor, who, apparently, does not know? One may argue that the seller is probably making two hundred per cent., that he bought the book for a song (perhaps a 'song of sixpence') from some one who knew nothing at all. On the other hand,—but the arguments on the other side are no less obvious. Happily one does not often fall into this sort of temptation. Another example quite melancholy to think upon is the appearance in a bookseller's catalogue of a 'lot' styled 'Cheap French Reading.' They were seventeen volumes at a shilling apiece, and three of the volumes were Alfred de Musset's *Spectacle dans un Fauteuil*, 1833. It is a book honourably placed even in the collections of M. Eugène Paillet. But the copy advertised was 'half-bound in calf, neat.' What a profanation of a *Romantique* of the good date! The half-binder must have clipped away five-sixths of the value. Lately an 'uncut' *Tom Jones* (first edition) and an uncut *Vicar of Wakefield* came into the market. They were sold for 125*l.* Yet booksellers and others will persist in half-binding in calf, and clipping, books of great interest. *L'homme est un méchant animal!*

\* \* \*

As LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE may possibly reach "some" one 'in countries by wild men and cannibals haunted,' that happy voyager is requested to keep an eye on the way in which the natives use the bow; if they use bows at all. The point to study is the method of the *release* of the arrow. Mr. Edward Morse (of Salem, Mass., U.S.) has published in the *Bulletin of the Essex Institute* some curious researches into this subject. He finds that children draw their little bows with the thumb and bent fore-finger, clutching the arrow. This he calls the *primary* release. The arrows of some American tribes have a knob, to give a more secure hold. This release needs a very strong hand, or a very weak bow. In the *secondary* release the arrow is held as in the *primary*, but two fingers, the second and third, also drag at the string. In the

*tertiary* release the fore-finger is nearly straight, and helps the second to pull the string. In the *Mediterranean* release, used from time immemorial by the cultivated peoples 'about the borders of the Grecian sea,' the release is like our own. The string is drawn back by the tips of the second, third, and fourth fingers, the arrow being lightly held between the first and second fingers. The thumb is oddly used in the *Mongolian* release. The *Primary* release is used only by savages and by the children of civilised races (who practically are savages mentally, if not morally). The Ainos, that odd, bear-worshipping race in Japan, use the child's release; so do some American Indians.

The *secondary* release is used by Zunis (New Mexico), the race of the Rattlesnake Mysteries.

The Sioux and similar American tribes have the *Tertiary* release, and so have the remote backward Mincopies of the Andamans, who (according to Mr. Mann) cannot light a fire.

The savages who use the *Mediterranean* release are the Eskimos and the *Little Andaman Islanders*. It is a very vital thing that this most backward and isolated people should draw the bow as civilised people draw it, while no other savages do so except the Eskimo, who *may* have learned the style from the Northmen. Chinese, Turks, Japanese, and Persians (who are not Mongolian of course) use the queer Mongolian release.

Of civilised peoples, the Assyrians appear first to have used the *child's* or *primary* release, developing later the *secondary*, and, finally, the *Mediterranean*.

This minute point is worthy of the attention of travellers, before bows and arrows become as extinct as the Dodo.

\* \* \*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'*Eheu fugaces, Postmane, Postmane!*'

My postman, though I fear thy tread,  
And tremble as thy foot draws nearer,  
'Tis not the Christmas Dun I dread,  
My mortal foe is much severer,—  
The Unknown Correspondent, who,  
With indefatigable pen,  
And nothing in the world to do,  
Perplexes literary men.



From Pentecost and Ponder's End  
 They write: from Deal, and from Dacotah,  
 The people of the Shetlands send  
 No inconsiderable quota;  
 They write for *autographs*; in vain,  
 In vain does Phyllis write, and Flora,  
 They write that 'Allan Quatermain'  
 Is not at all the book for Brora.<sup>1</sup>

They write to say that 'they have met'  
 This writer 'at a garden party,  
 And though,' this writer '*may* forget,'  
 Their recollection's keen and hearty.  
 'And will you praise in *your* reviews  
 A novel by our distant cousin?'  
 These letters from Provincial Blues  
 Assail us daily by the dozen!

Oh friends with time upon your hands,  
 Oh friends with postage-stamps in plenty,  
 Oh poets out of many lands,  
 Oh youths and maidens under twenty,  
 Seek out some other wretch to bore,  
 Or wreak yourselves upon your neighbours,  
 And leave me to my dusty lore  
 And my unprofitable labours!

\* \* \*

It is little enough, apparently, that anyone can do, by individual effort, for the class of sewing women. Their labour is so cheap—because it is so abundant, and because they have not yet found the means of co-operation—that their condition is one of the worst sorrows of these times. In their behalf a Co-operative Society, still on a very small scale, has, however, been organised. Everyone who wishes to make their life a little less like mere starvation can help by sending work, or orders for work, to the Co-operative Needlewomen's Society, 34 Brooke Street, Holborn. An account of the Society, its objects and methods, will

<sup>1</sup> Brora, believed to be a *clachan* near Cape Wrath, whence an inhabitant, perhaps the Only Inhabitant, writes to the editor, to denounce the author of *She*, in a very pleasing strain of Caledonian invective.

be found among the advertisements at the end of this number of *LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE*. Mr. Walter Besant has expressed to the editor his belief that this Society is doing good work, and those who were interested in 'Children of Gibeon' have here a chance of helping forward one of the objects for which that book was written.

ANDREW LANG.

### *The 'Donna.'*

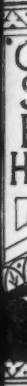
THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscriptions to the 'Donna.' Amounts received after Jan. 10 will be acknowledged in the March number. Leland Noel 3*l*. V. M. 1*l*. Jean 5*s*. B. G. W. 5*s*. E. C. 1*l*. Miss Elliot 10*s*. (Donna), 1*l*. (Sisters' Workroom). Hon. Lady Elliot, 1*l*. (Donna), 1*l*. (Workroom). F. F. H. 10*s*. Higgins 5*l*. J. P. P. 1*l*. A. H. B., Bayswater, 1*l*. Miss Churchill 1*l*. C. C. 5*s*. Dr. Slous 1*l*. 10*s*. Col. Meyrick 10*s*. B. 5*s*. An Old Blue 1*l*. W. R. Smales 10*s*. E. M. 1*l*. 1*s*. E. C. M. 1*l*. 1*s*. F. and C. M. 1*s*. Mrs. Ellis 1*l*. Y. A. 10*s*. Aurora 2*s*. 6*d*. F. and C. Edis 5*s*. Edward Rourke 10*s*. A. C. 1*s*. J. S. L. 5*s*. Walkeringham, Christmas Day 7*s*. C. H. Hawkins 2*l*. 2*s*. Two Kent nut trees 1*l*. 15*s*. Mrs. Cleasby 2*l*. B. K. 1*l*. C. R. 1*s*. Aba 2*s*. 6*d*. F. N. L. 2*l*. 2*s*. Mrs. Chalk 2*l*. 2*s*. J. A. W. 1*l*. Collected by A. K. L. 2*l*. Hollington, Beckenham, 5*s*. Mrs. Longman 2*l*. M. Gripper 1*l*. E. B. 2*s*. 6*d*. S. A. A. 10*l*. C. M. Y. 10*s*. Edith 5*s*. W. H. Newnham 1*l*. Jean 10*s*. Gen. Sir Beauchamp Walker 10*s*. Miss May's Sunday Class 21*s*. Two Sisters 2*l*. L. C. 10*s*. H. P. 5*l*. 5*s*. A. 10*s*. (Donna), 10*s*. (Don). Miss Walker, 1*l*. 10*s*. (Donna), 1*l*. 10*s*. (Don). J. Kemp Welch, 1*l*. Miss L. Aldridge 1*l*. Mrs. Henry Moore 10*s*. Miss Moore 10*s*. J. D. Somers 2*l*. 2*s*. F. Guedalla 3*l*. 10*s*. L. L. A. 5*s*. Miss Gill 5*s*. (Donna), 5*s*. (Don). James Solly, 10*s*. F. L. 4*s*. E. S. B. and A. E. B., Cardiff, 10*s*. Kathleen 2*s*. E. 10*s*. L. G., Brighton, 1*l*. E. L. B. 10*s*. Major C. Hawkins Fisher 10*s*. M. F. W. 5*l*. Bartie Wood, 1*s*. N. L. 1*s*. 6*d*. E. K. 5*s*. A. C. C. 1*l*. G. B. 5*s*. Mrs. J. Parish 10*s*. (for the Sisters' Workroom).

The following sums have been sent to the Sisters at 42a Dock Street, E., for the Workroom:—Z. Sanderson 1*s*. 6*d*. A. W. 1*s*. 6*d*. John Polehampton 5*s*. (Donna). A reader of *LONGMAN'S* at Fulham 10*s*. Mrs. Harrington Ouslow 5*s*. Anonymous 1*s*. 6*d*. Two readers of *LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE* 5*s*. (for the Donna). Anonymous 1*s*. 6*d*.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss.*





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